

Round the World with Your Editor

Address all letters: Editor, "BOYS' CINEMA," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Boy's Cinema, July 17, 1920.

Oliver Hardy and Jimmy Aubrey are pictured on page fifteen.

To download the original 600 dpi JPG scans find this magazine's archive.org page, then click the *Show All* link on the page and download the large compressed ZIP file.

Scanned and Donated to Archive.Org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

the scenes. Suddenly, there was a terrific crash overhead, and I was thrown to the ground by a large branch, which had fallen from a height of about a hundred and fifty or two hundred feet. When I was assisted to my feet, I was feeling very sore and very shaky, and for the next few days I was allowed complete rest. I was devoutly thankful that it was my shoulder, and not my head, that had met the impact, or someone else would have had to tell the story for me. The guide enlightened the party, as to the dangers of a redwood forest. 'They call them

cheaper to purchase the dog outright than to put him on salary for the six months he would be needed.

"Furthermore," says Moreno, "I can retire when I want to and let the dog do the work. With a dog like Don Juan in the family, there is no need to worry about the financial future. He could support any star in the style to which he has been accustomed."

Don Juan's only screen rivals are Teddy Whack, the crippled dog, and Teddy of the Sennett comedies, who are also drawing large salaries.

century, and you are so small that they can be carried in one hand. In this garden can also be seen some plum-trees, gnarled and knotted by centuries of wind and weather, and which are barely two feet in height. The Japanese are wonderfully skilful in the art of dwarfing trees. Their method is to nip off the tree's roots, pinch its limbs, and starve it with little soil, and also to keep it dry, but at the same time just keep it alive. A great deal of time and patience is necessary to rear these grotesque trees, but the result is certainly very interesting.

YOUR EDITOR.

ARE YOU SHORT?

If so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F. 3 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Mr. Lindon 3 inches; Mr. Ketley 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars and £100 Guarantee to the Girvan System, Dept. A.M.P. 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.4.



PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

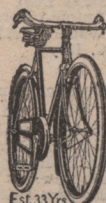
MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc. Parcels, 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick, 1/-.—T. W. HARRISON, 239, Pentonville Road, London, N.1.

IF YOU SUFFER from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration. or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 527, Imperial Bldgs., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

CUT THIS OUT

"Boys' Cinema." **PEN COUPON.** Value 2d. Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons, and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to Boys' CINEMA readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.

Printed and Published every Wednesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 6s. 6d. for six months. Abroad (except Australasia and South Africa), 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Limited. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Limited. and for Canada: The Imperial News Co., Limited. Registered for transmission to Canada at magazine postal rates.



FACTORY TO RIDER

Packed Free. Carriage Paid. Fifteen Days' Free Trial. **LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.** Prompt delivery. Save Dealers' Profits. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Write for Monster Size **Free Lists** and **Special Offer** of Sample Bicycle. **MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Inc.** Dept. B807, BIRMINGHAM.

CHOCOLATE CLUBS.

Spare Time Agents Wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—**SAMUEL DRIVER, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.**

CURLY HAIR "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "Curly" curls straightest hair, 1/3, 2/6 (1d. stamps accepted).—SUMMERS (Dept. A.P.), 31, Upper Russell Street, Brighton.

BE TALL **MY HEIGHT IS 6 FT. 3 INS.** Increase YOUR height by the ROSS SYSTEM, price 7/6, complete. Particulars 2d. stamps. P. ROSS, 16, Langdale Road, Scarborough.

ALL applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the advertisement Dept., **BOYS' CINEMA**, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

PACKED WITH STORIES AND WONDERFUL PICTURES

BOYS' CINEMA

Weekly 2d

NO. 32. VOL. 2.
JULY 17, 1920.



JACK HOXIE, the hero in our Serial "Lightning Bryce," photographed with his wonderful white horse "Scout," who also plays a big part in the story.

[Photo: F.B.O.]

Scanned and Donated to Archive.Org from the Collection of Darren Nemeth, 2023

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story—Told by Lariat Pete.

Bob Stokes— the Courageous

HENRY WILLARD, the chief partner of the National Lumber Company, decided to investigate the reported unrest among the thousands of his workers for himself, and for this reason he paid a surprise visit to his foreman.

The foreman's office was situated just outside the great lumber forest where the majestic giants stood waiting to answer the never-ceasing cry of the shipbuilders for timber.

About this time also Bob Stokes arrived on the scene. He was a young, fairly handsome man, and Henry Willard took an immediate liking to him.

Bob Stokes had apparently seen better days, but now he confessed he was down on his luck, and he asked earnestly for work.

The proprietor sent Stokes on to see Bull Brummon, the foreman of a gang of labourers, telling him to say that Mr. Willard had recommended him for work.

Bob was not long in finding the foreman, but he received discouragement from the first, and the events which followed made him take an intense dislike to the man.

"What do you want?" he growled at Bob's approach.

"I have just come from Mr. Willard," replied Bob, "and he said you would give me a job. I am out of luck, and would be very grateful for any work which you could put in my way."

There were two or three other lumbermen standing around, and, casting a sneer in their direction, Bull Brummon lifted his fist, and with one mighty blow at Bob's face sent him to the ground.

This was the signal for an outburst of laughter on the part of the men standing by.

"Want work, do you?" Brummon asked sarcastically. "Well, that's how I treat men who come to me for jobs, just to show 'em how I handle my employees."

Bob Stokes endeavoured to rise from the ground, but he was weak from hunger, and it was a great effort for him to do it. In spite of his drawn appearance, however, it was easy to see that he had a keen athletic look about him, and he had no doubt kept himself in a good training during the past.

"I'll pay you back for this," he said to Brummon, then with a significant look at the men standing by, who would no doubt come to the assistance of the bully if he were attacked, he added: "But not now, for I see I am outnumbered."

Bull Brummon, besides being the foreman at the lumber camp, was an agitator, working tirelessly for a secret organisation bent upon destroying the prosperous shipbuilding company. He had tremendous power over his men, and he exercised it in order to further his views.

When Bob Stokes had departed in order to start on his new job, Brummon turned to the men standing by. "Now understand," he said, "there must be no mistake. That new mystery ship must not be launched, even if we have to blow up the whole shipyard."

Bob Stokes, glad of an opportunity to prove that he could make good, worked hard and industriously, and he soon became recognised by those above him as a good and efficient workman.

He was not too popular, though, with many of the men in the shipyards, for July 17th, 1920,

when he heard them speak against the interests of their governors, he tried to reason with them. He kept himself away from the men as much as possible, and this led them to believe that he had some mystery attached to him. He never spoke about himself, and his superior knowledge and education puzzled many of them not a little.

Mr. Willard liked Bob more than ever when he heard the report of his industry.

"That man will go a long way," he said to his partner. "I'm going to give him a big chance one of these days. I like the look in his eye."

Meanwhile, Brummon and his associates worked tirelessly to cause dissatisfaction in the shipyards, and he tried to persuade all the men that Willard was their worst enemy.

One day his scheme for crushing Willard neared its fruition. Max and Bussen, two of his accomplices, opened up a large case of spirits, and they distributed these wholesale to the men, thinking that if they could get them under the influence of strong liquor they would be more likely to become reckless and carry out the wild scheme he put to them.

Bob Stokes happened to come into the men's quarters just as this little performance was going on, and he decided to keep a watchful eye on the shipbuilding plant and other places to see that they were not damaged.

Noise and excitement grew as the minutes passed by, and it was easy to see that the men, inflamed by the violent speeches of the agitators, were getting out of hand.

Mr. Willard himself came on the scene, in order to find out what their grievance was and quieten them down. But they would not listen, and soon he was the centre of a raging mob who were trying to ill-treat him.

Bob Stokes, who had been waiting in the next room to see what would happen, immediately picked up an axe, and, lifting this above his head, he brought it down with great force on the wooden side of the hut, and in a few seconds was able to get through to the assistance of his master.

Rushing to the side of Willard, he did his best to free him from the men, and a terrible fight between the huge crowd of swaying men on the one hand, and Willard and Stokes and his friend Hick Hogan on the other, ensued.

For a long time things looked very bad indeed, but the three men were fighting furiously, and the crowd did not have matters all their own way.

They seemed to get in each other's way in their madness, and many of them were damaged in the mix up.

Willard himself was by no means a weakling, and with the aid of his fists he kept many antagonists at bay.

All Bob Stokes' athletic skill was exerting itself, and with the assistance of Hick Hogan, who gloried in nothing better than a fight, the pair were able to keep the crowd at a safe distance.

It was obvious, however, that they could not last out for ever. The men were now in a frantic state, although, no doubt very few of them really knew for what reason they were engaged in this desperate fight.

A sensational development then occurred which fortunately came to the aid

of the three valiant men. One of the crowd in a startled voice cried out "Fire!"

Then it was seen through the windows that huge tongues of fire were leaping up and colouring the sky a lurid red.

In a moment there was a panic, and the word "Fire!" was on everybody's lips. If disaster were to be averted, something must be done immediately, and with great presence of mind, Bob Stokes climbed on to a table in the room. Raising one hand he shouted at the top of his voice, "Listen men! This fire is some more of Brummon's dirty work, and unless you want to be left without a camp to-night, and without work for the future, you must all come with me at once and help to put out the fire! Quick! There is not a moment to be lost!"

Even as Bob spoke the roar of the rapidly spreading fire could be heard, and every now and again the terrible crash of a flaming forest giant could be heard falling.

It was a terrible sight to see acres and acres of these great tall trees in the grip of the devouring flames.

Bob's speech had the effect of sobering the men.

Their better natures asserted themselves, and they realised what a calamity would fall upon them all if the fire were left unchecked.

Under Stokes' direction the men all turned out and worked with a will to arrest the fire, and, after many hours of hard work, they succeeded in their task; but already many acres of valuable timber had been destroyed.

In spite of this, however, the men had learned a valuable lesson, and so far as most of them were concerned, all thoughts of future rebellion had been stamped out.

An Accident.

A DAY or two after, Henry Willard left the lumber camp and returned to the shipbuilding yards, where he was to make the arrangements to lay the keel for the new Mystery ship, which he had orders to build for the Government.

Brummon was sorely disappointed at the failure of his first great attempt to ruin Willard, but he was a desperate man, and was by no means beaten yet.

The secret society to which he belonged had agents scattered throughout the country. One of these was a man named Mocket, who was also in Brummon's pay, and it was through this man that he hoped to effectually prevent the building and launching of the new Government ship.

Mocket was thoroughly unscrupulous, and would leave no stone unturned to accomplish his ends. So far, he had given Mr. Willard no cause to have suspicions about him, but on his first day back an incident occurred which he could not help thinking was a rather curious circumstance.

Mocket, pretending great interest in the new ship, called Mr. Willard to a certain part of the yard to ask his opinion about the construction of the vessel.

The moment the big shipbuilder reached the arranged spot, a workman walking along a plank above him dislodged a heavy tool, which fell and struck Willard with such force that he dropped to the ground immediately.

A Stirring Complete Yarn, Telling how the Bravery of a Young Man Prevented the Destruction of a Wonderful New Ship.

But for the protection of his hat, there is no doubt that the accident would have been fatal. An inquiry was held, but the workman maintained that he could not help it, and that the tool was accidentally sent over by his foot as he walked along.

The injury was not so serious as it had appeared at first, but it was bad enough to prevent Mr. Willard attending to his business for some time.

This fact troubled him very much, for he had undertaken to have the Mystery ship ready and launched by a certain date, and only he was aware of certain of the plans.

It became necessary for him to have a thoroughly trustworthy man to carry on in his place.

Henry Willard was worried at first, and then he suddenly thought of Bob Stokes, who had acted so courageously and with such presence of mind at the time of the riot amongst the men at the lumber camp.

He sent for Stokes at once, and put his proposition to him.

"I am very sorry, sir," replied Stokes, "but I do not know very much about shipbuilding."

"But you saved the day before," put in Mr. Willard, "and I am sure you can do it again. I depend on you, this is a very important matter indeed, and I want you to do your very best."

"I will promise you to do everything I can," returned Bob, "and I desire to thank you for the trust and confidence you have placed in me."

The next day Bob made his first tour of the shipyards under the guidance of Helen, the daughter of Mr. Willard. She had heard much about Stokes' heroism.

The men gave Bob a wonderful welcome upon his first introduction to them, and it seemed that the new manager would be very popular indeed with them.

The workers had also heard of the way in which Bob had stopped the forest fire and won the loyalty of the lumber jacks.

Brummon and Mocket were very disturbed when the news of the latest development came to their ears.

"The building of the Mystery ship is going on too fast," declared Brummon, "and it must be stopped. That fellow Stokes has speeded things up far too much already, and we must find some means of getting him out of the way."

"Don't you worry," Mocket retorted. "Leave it to me. As soon as the men have got over the arrival of Stokes we must try to breed unrest amongst them, as we did in the lumber camp."

The two conspirators did their work only too well, for as the weeks passed, the reports came in which showed that unrest was increasing, and that it was only a matter of time before a complete stoppage was caused.

It was only the masterly management of Bob that was keeping the men in check.

Bob was concerned about the way things were going lately, and he was more than alarmed when Hick Hogan, who had also come to the shipyards with him, informed him that Mocket had been telling the men that two blasts of the whistle would be the signal for a strike. Almost before Hick had finished speaking the dreaded signal went.

Bob walked over to the window, and in a few seconds he was looking down upon a scene in which thousands of discontented workmen were hurrying towards one spot.

It was an amazing sight to see all this huge crowd of ship workers congregated together. There seemed to be so many that it was almost impossible to count them.

Bob, deep in thought, looked at the scene from the window for a moment or two, then as though a sudden idea had

come to him he rushed down stairs and hurried towards the men.

An enormous crowd had gathered in a large open space in the centre of the yard. With great difficulty Bob elbowed his way through the men, and, standing on a bench, he addressed them and inquired what their grievance was.

Then he went on to reason with them, and he reminded them of their duty to their country and their brothers who were at the front fighting.

It was a masterful speech, and when he concluded the men gave him a rousing cheer, and went back eagerly to work. Once more he had dealt with a difficult situation in the right way, and won.

The Time Bomb.

BRUMMON was in a terrible rage at the failure of his second attempt to smash up the shipyards and prevent the launching of the Mystery ship. White with anger, he called Mocket to his room, and asked him what he had got to say for himself.

Brummon was one of the heads of the society, and although he hatched most of the destructive schemes and plots, he always blamed his accomplices if anything went wrong.

"We have a last resource," returned Mocket, who fairly cowered with fright when he was confronted with his master.

"What is that?" demanded Brummon. "The time bomb," was his reply.

Brummon paced up and down the room once or twice before answering.

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "It is a desperate scheme, but we must do it. But first of all we must get Stokes out of the way somehow, to make sure that this scheme doesn't go wrong."

"The thing to do will be to get him in this office. He does not know that we are associated with it, and we must send him a letter that will bring him here."

Accordingly the two villainous men sat down and put together a letter, asking Bob to call at the house on an important

business matter. When it was completed Mocket went out to post it.

When he received the letter Bob did not suspect that there was anything wrong with it, and without giving a second thought to the matter, he set out in order to keep the business appointment.

On arrival at the house the door was opened by the servant, and Bob was invited upstairs.

He was shown into a comfortably furnished room, and he had not been seated more than two minutes when Brummon stepped dramatically out from behind a curtain.

"Pleased to meet you, my friend," he sneered, "but I think you had better put your hands up for safety's sake."

Bob obeyed the man's instructions, and then when the opportunity occurred he closed with the villain, and succeeded in getting possession of the revolver.

"I told you I would pay you back with interest for the blow you gave me in the lumber yard," he said, "and as you apparently wanted to meet me again, now is the opportunity for a square and fair fight."

Bob threw the revolver on the floor out of the reach of Brummon.

"We are on even terms now," he reminded his enemy; but somehow or other the big bully did not seem to appreciate the position he was in.

(Continued overleaf.)



Brummon grabbed at a chair, and lifting it up, prepared to bring it down on Bob's head. The youngster only saved his life by great presence of mind.

July 17th, 1920.

Bob directed a terrific blow at the man, and Brummond closed in on him. His weight sent Bob to the floor, and the next minute the two men were fighting and struggling on the ground.

The fight went on for many minutes, and neither of the men seemed to gain an advantage, for although Bob was well trained and quick, Brummond was a very much bigger and broader man, and his extra weight counted for a lot.

Furniture, windows, and even the door of the room were smashed in the course of that terrific fight.

From one room to the other the two men went, a fighting, struggling mass, first one and then the other getting the better of it.

Both men were injured, and it made one shudder to think what the end of this dreadful conflict might be.

Suddenly Brummond grabbed at a chair, and lifting it up, prepared to bring it down on Bob's skull. Bob only saved his life by mere presence of mind. Pretending to be so weak that he could not rise, the bully was taken off his guard, and the next moment Bob stood up and pounced upon his enemy.

Clasped together in a tight embrace, they rolled towards the stop of the stairs, and both Bob and Brummond realised that the end, for one of them, was coming. This fact seemed to put fresh strength into them.

They were on their feet again now, and Bob saw a great opportunity. His fist shot out, and caught Brummond a mighty blow. For a moment the man staggered helplessly, and then toppled over backwards down the stairs.

By this time some of Brummond's accomplices had arrived on the scene, and they rushed upstairs in order to get Bob in their grip.

With his last bit of remaining strength Bob tried to evade them, but he was overwhelmed by their numbers.

It looked as though he were to lose the fight in the end, but there was a sudden noise downstairs, followed by the sound of many voices, and the next moment Hick Hogan, accompanied by half a dozen policemen, rushed upstairs.

The unexpected arrival of Hogan, who, suspecting trouble, had followed his boss, had saved the situation for Bob.

Bob went downstairs to Brummond, in order to see if he could render his enemy any assistance, but the man was a villain to the end.

"At nine o'clock," he muttered hoarsely in his dying breath, "your wonderful Mystery ship will be blown to bits."

Bob looked at his watch. It was half-past eight. Was this man speaking the truth?

Had he arranged a bomb to be placed in the shipyard?

If so, there might yet be time for Bob to rush to the scene and prevent the terrible destruction which Brummond prophesied.

Leaving his pal Hogan and the police to deal with the rest of the gang, Bob dashed out of the house, and ordering a motor, rushed off to the shipyard.

Just in Time.

MOCKET, accompanied by one or two of his most trusted accomplices, had, in the meantime, made an infernal machine and set it to go off at nine o'clock.

The next thing for them to do was to get it to the shipyard and deposit it somewhere near the cradle of the Mystery ship without being observed.

This duty was assigned to Mocket, who knew his way about the place fairly well, and would therefore know how to elude the watchmen.

The villain noted with satisfaction that it was a dark night, and therefore his plan was less likely to be spoiled by some inquisitive busybody.

July 17th, 1920.

As he carried this most deadly of all bombs in the small handbag, he could hear the ticking of it ominously, and the thought of it almost unnerved him on more than one occasion. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, as he made his way towards the shipyard.

"What," he thought, "if he should meet with an accident and drop the bag containing the deadly machine."

The thought of the terrible fate which might happen to him prompted the craven man to hurry along and get his distasteful duty over as quickly as he could.

But it never occurred to the callous man what misery his act of destruction would cause when the ship upon which so many hundreds of men had laboured for so long was destroyed. Nor did he think of the loss of life which might occur through his dastardly action.

At length he reached the shipyard, and made his way carefully over the planks and rough uneven ground, towards the spot where the doomed ship lay.

A minute or two later he had climbed through the forest of scaffolding which supported the almost completed ship, and he deposited the bag containing the infernal machine in the centre.

A great sigh of relief escaped his lips as he completed his task.

He bent down and placed his ear against the bag to see if the clock attachment fixed to the bomb was still ticking, and he smiled with satisfaction when he found that this was so.

"At nine o'clock," he muttered, "all will be over. The revenge for which we have waited so long will be complete."

The villain laughed to himself as he thought of the sensation which the news of the destruction of the Mystery ship would cause.

"There will doubtless be an inquiry," he mused; "but precious little evidence they'll get."

Mocket, however, was soon to be rudely awakened from his dream.

He heard the panting of a motor car outside the shipyard, and the next moment the figure of a man came running towards the Mystery ship.

Mocket was in a fix.

He did not know whether to run, or take his chance of not being discovered and lie still where he was.

He was puzzled to know the meaning of this man's arrival on the scene. Could it be that his plot had been discovered at the eleventh hour?

Mocket shuddered.

Cowardice prompted him to make a run for it, for he realised that it must be close on nine o'clock, and if he delayed, a terrible fate would be his lot.

His heart almost stopped beating as he noted that the man rushing towards the spot was none other than Bob Stokes.

He could not understand things at all. What could have possessed Brummond to let this man escape from his clutches?

Mocket was undoubtedly in a tight corner, and if he were to escape with his life he must hesitate no longer.

He took to his heels, and flew away from the spot that in less than five minutes would be the scene of indescribable destruction.

The oncoming man heard the sound of his footsteps, and before he could hide himself he had glanced in his direction. Bob noticed that it was Mocket.

"What brings you here this time of night?" he muttered to himself, but without slackening his pace, he rushed towards the spot the other man had just left.

With an exclamation of delight Bob was able to track the bomb by the sound of the ticking, and without hesitation, he rushed towards it, snatched up the bag which contained it, and running along with it under his arm towards the river, heaved it far out into the water.

Saved.

A SECOND longer and he would have been too late.

The infernal machine exploded with terrific force as it sunk into the deep water of the river.

The explosion shook the surrounding buildings to their foundations, and Bob was badly scorched as he sank down exhausted.

It was not long before help came to him, for the noise of the explosion had aroused many people.

Bob gazed contentedly at the huge Mystery ship, towering up above him, safe and sound, on the stocks. It would, as he had promised Willard, be launched on the date desired by him.

With these thoughts in his mind, Bob overcame by his great exertions of the last few hours, fainted away. But there were many people who were only too willing to lend him assistance.

A number of strong men who were on night duty in the shipyard, and were attracted to the spot by the sound of the explosion, lifted the gallant young man up carefully, and bore him gently towards the hospital.

In a few minutes Bob had been carried inside, and his injuries were attended to by expert and eager hands.

Fortunately, his wounds were not serious, but his immediate need was rest.

After carefully dressing the burns on his hands and face, caused by the explosion of the time-bomb, Bob was put into a comfortable motor-car, and dispatched to his home.

He was awake early the next day, and feeling very little the worse for the amazing adventures of the preceding day, in which he had been one of the chief performers.

Mr. Willard was an early caller.

He made inquiries in regard to the health of Bob, and was delighted when he heard that his able lieutenant was safe and sound.

He gripped him by the hand, and shook it heartily.

"I am greatly indebted to you for your presence of mind and pluck," he said, "and you may be sure that your just reward for your devotion to duty will not go by unrecompensed. You have undoubtedly saved the day for your country by your splendid service."

But Bob was more concerned about his late enemies than any thought of reward, and he anxiously inquired from the governor whether Mocket and the rest of the associates of Brummond had been captured.

He was happy to be assured by the great shipowner that this was the case.

"They are all in custody," he said, "thanks to you, Stokes, where they are awaiting their trial. Judging by what has been found out about their past careers, I do not think that they will have their liberty for many a long day. The shipyards are well rid of them, and now that the source of all the trouble is removed I am sure that everything will go along smoothly in the future."

The launching of the ship three days later was a great success. Thousands of workmen turned out and cheered the result of their labour, as the mighty ship glided gracefully into the water.

They had all heard of the wonderful feat performed by Bob and he was given a rousing reception as he waved to them from the deck of the majestic boat.

But the thing which Bob appreciated more than anything else was the fact that he had done his best to stick to a promise. And tears of gratefulness came into his eyes when Henry Willard gave him the hand of his daughter, and proudly said to his son-in-law: "My boy, you have proved that courage is the true virtue of man."

(Adapted by permission from the Gaumont film "Virtuous Men," featuring Elmo Lincoln as Bob Stokes.)

Photographs of Your Favourites.



Eddy Polo, with a few of the letters he receives each day from his admirers



Sam Cochrane, the cowboy who has taken part in every Douglas Fairbanks' western picture. Sam was born in Arizona, and is quick on the trigger



Marshall Rickson, Johnny Jones, and Lucille Rickson, the clever young artistes who are playing in the "Edgar" pictures, enjoy reading the "Boys' Cinema."



Joe Ryan's director views the damage to the motor-car after it has fallen over the cliff.



A corner of the property room, showing some of the weapons being made in a new historical picture called "Ezra Builders." July 17th, 1920.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY

Exclusive to the "Boys' Cinema."



Read This First.

LAST week Bill Hart told of his early boyhood days. He was about six months old when his parents went to Dakota. At that time there were few white settlers there, and the wild district was inhabited chiefly by Sioux Indians. All the playmates of his boyhood were Indian boys, and Bill's brothers and sisters were nursed by Indian women. Those long days in the open air were some of the happiest times which he has spent. Shortly after his fifteenth birthday Bill Hart's father moved to New York, in order that he could have the benefit of better schooling. This breaking away from the free, wholesome life of the great West was a great sorrow to Bill. Later Bill studied at a military school with a view to becoming an officer, but he failed to secure an appointment, and was so "fed-up" that he decided to run away to Australia, his father, however, arrived on the scene just when all his preparations were complete. Later on Bill decided to come to England, and he worked his passage over on a cattle-boat. After a brief stay in Liverpool he set out for London.

(Now Read On.)

In Buffalo.

IT will be remembered that, in order to pay my fare to Buffalo to join the Shakespearean company there, I had been obliged to pawn my undercoat. The first week of my engagement had been haunted by the nightmare of that mythical Elizabethan wardrobe of mine, on the strength of which I had really obtained my job. Having eased my conscience by a confession—enforced, I own—that there was "no sich thing," and having, to my relief, discovered that I was not to be fired, after all, I settled down to enjoy life again and to achieve the goal of my rather vast ambitions.

Before I get hopelessly mixed with my metaphors, I might just as well own that when things were beginning to mould themselves according to my heart's desire, there arose in the serene and sunny sky a small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. At first shadowy and vague, it grew in size and density, till at last it took a definite shape and obscured all the morning glory of the sun.

And the shape it took was that of a shabby overcoat.

That overcoat of mine became a veritable incubus. Most of the company boarded at the same hotel, and the worst of my problem was the job of getting down to meals without attracting attention or remark. As in most hotels, the rooms were insufferably overheated, and yet I was self-condemned to sit through every meal in that confounded overcoat.

At first I tried the ruse of getting down early and vainly attempting to rush through my dinner before the others arrived. However, I soon realised the futility of this expediency, for apparently

July 17th, 1920.

most of my fellows entertained similar views on the subject of punctuality at meals, actuated, however, by the very different motive of getting the best cuts off the joint.

I changed my tactics, and crept down late after the others had finished. In solitary state I would then consume the remains of the banquet, even my healthy appetite revolting against stagnant gravies and lukewarm vegetables, and my overcoat, as it were, always presiding as the reigning skeleton at the feast.

It was when I was getting, paradoxically enough, both ravenous and dyspeptic that the old actor who had already helped me out with his Elizabethan wardrobe, called me one night into his dressing-room and carefully closed the door.

He was a white man if ever there was one.

"About this overcoat of yours, Bill," he started right away.

I felt the hot blood mounting to the very roots of my hair, for I knew I was discovered.

"Don't take anything I say amiss," he continued, laying a fatherly hand on my shoulder. "I'm an old fellow, old enough to be your dad, and I've been through the mill myself. None of us are millionaires, or else we shouldn't be with this outfit. I guess there's not one of us that hasn't been up against it at some time of his life, and had to put up a brave fight to be even where he is now. We like you, Bill, and we want you to think of us as comrades, and trust us a little more."

Then he told me that there was not a man or woman in the company who had not literally seen through that overcoat and guessed the true inward meaning of my solitary meals.

My old friend's reassurances somewhat restored my badly battered self-respect. Furthermore, he advanced me enough money to purchase an undercoat, and thus led me back to the society of my kind.

Freed of the incubus, I passed the rest of the season on the road very happily.

I remember one young fellow who joined us soon after my own arrival in Buffalo. His theatrical experience had hitherto been confined exclusively to the polite drama of boudoir and drawing-room, and he made no secret of the fact that he was putting in the few weeks with us to tide over a period that would have otherwise been devoted to "resting." He also frankly owned that Shakespeare bored him to extinction, and that he had no taste whatever for "poetry."

One of his chief grievances, I remember, against the immortal bard was the lack of pocket accommodation in Roman togas and Elizabethan doublets. According to his remarks, I gathered that one of the chief advantages of "society" drama was that a man need never be at a loss to know what to do with his hands. Directly he found them in his way, he had only to stick them into his trousers pockets.

The absence of pockets in Caesar's draperies and Iago's velvet trunks seriously incommoded him at first. I have never yet seen a man more conscious of his hands.

His chief trouble, I found, was, that though an actor with a good record of several years in stock, he had never really had a chance of acting, but had just been himself. He was an utterly natural, unaffected sort of chap, with a pleasant, easy manner and an engaging personality, and he frankly confessed that his hands and arms were becoming the bane of his existence.

"If this guy William," he would complain, "would only drop a hint in the script about what he wants a fellow to do with 'em, when's he's letting off all that hot air. But not a word! What about a cigarette now for my entrance here? This chap Mercutio seems a sporting sort of guy."

I used to spend the afternoon with him now and then going over the parts that had been allotted him to play, very much as Bandman had done with me during those early months on the road.

When the season came to an end, and we shook hands at the parting of the ways, I asked him about his future plans. It transpired that they were nearly as vague as my own, but on one point he was very sure.

"No more boiled shirt roles for me," he said. "No, sir, I'm through with them for ever."

I met him some years later in the lounge of a New York hotel. He looked sleek, prosperous, and most intensely bored. Yes, he'd gone back to the "soup and fish" stunt. Shakespeare, art and ideals were all very well, but a fellow had got to live.

One glance at his well-cut clothes and his symptoms of embonpoint sufficed to convince me that he had solved that problem tolerably well—according to his lights.

We chatted pleasantly enough, and parted with a perfunctory conventional invitation to "drop in and talk about old times."

That was the last I ever saw of him.

The Call.

IT is not my intention to dwell very long upon the years that preceded my entry into the motion picture field. It is true that, by dint of a good deal of stubborn endeavour, and after a long ordeal of the most disheartening hardships, I managed to work my way fairly high up the ladder and achieve a tolerably enviable success in the profession I had chosen.

On my return from my season on the road I was once more faced with the usual problem of securing another engagement. I was almost reduced to my last cent-when, at the eleventh hour, I was summoned hastily to a seaside resort to open with stock for the summer season. The

Every Wednesday

company, however, proved so hopelessly bad that we never opened. I managed, at least, to secure my return fare, and again landed in New York minus a job, and pretty well broke.

For about a fortnight I did the weary round of the agents' offices, and it was only when I was practically destitute that I thought of the furnace-room at the shoe factory and those two dollars a day. I knew what lay before me if I returned to that life—a mere brute existence, divided between toil and sleep. But a man only needs to be really hungry to realise how narrow the boundary line is that separates him from brute creation. So one morning I went out to look for any job to be had.

I set out with thoughts of the furnace-room at the shoe factory. By a curious freak of fate, the job I actually got was working on an ice-waggon.

The Tide Turns.

PARADOXICALLY enough, with the fall of the year, my luck began to rise. Through the recommendation of my late stage manager I unexpectedly obtained an engagement with Madame Modjeska in repertoire, and from that time onward I advanced steadily along an almost monotonous road of comparatively easy success.

I have often been asked how I "worked up" to become a motion picture star. Honestly, I do not know, though I remember every stage of the journey that earned me my success in the theatrical profession. I suppose the years of service I gave to the legitimate drama had their value for the screen, and, without wishing to appear conceited, I guess there must have been some real ability behind it as well. A picture star, has he the picture sense or a capable director, can be made almost overnight. But, I say it from actual experience, it is ten thousand times as hard to succeed on the stage.

During my engagement with Madame Modjeska, I played Armand to her "Camille," the American version of "La Dame aux Camélias." I had two seasons as leading man with Madame Rhea, the great French tragedienne, playing in New York and all the big cities of the States. By then I had established myself firmly in the much coveted position of leading man, and really seemed to have attained the summit of all my ambitions, when I was cast for Romeo to the Juliet of Julia Arthur.

I was now earning good money. Those were not the days of sensational salaries, but I was a man of very few wants, and I had more than enough to supply me with life's comforts as well as its necessities. What others might have spent in luxuries, I laid by against the possibility of a rainy day. No man who has ever had a real fight with poverty will wantonly care to risk the chance of a second encounter.

My first big success on the boards was as Messala, in "Ben Hur," at the Broadway Theatre, New York. I played this part for two years.

Success, in a sense, had reconciled me with the city, but all the same it remained an alien element. I read a good deal in those idle days, books of travel, tales of high adventure, anything that might make me forget my own physical inactivity. And it was amongst these silent companions in the stillness of my own quiet room, with the voice of the city for the time being shut out and very distant, that that other voice once more made itself heard, the voice to which I had closed my ears in the last years of storm and stress—the call of the Wild West.

It was just about this time when the past and the future had met at the cross-roads, that I should be offered a western part in a western play, that of Cash Hawkins, in "The Squaw Man."

William Faversham was the original Squaw Man of the American production, and so great was the success of this play

in the United States, that it was produced in England by the late Lewis Waller, under the title of "A White Man."

We opened at Wallack's Theatre, New York City, in 1905, and something of my old enthusiasm revived when I saw my chance to give the sophisticated eastern public my own interpretation of a true western character. So sensational was the triumph of this production, that it heralded a long succession of other western plays, in fact, to use a singularly inappropriate expression for anything so primitive and untamed, the West became something in the nature of a fashionable vogue.

My work in "The Squaw Man" attracted so much favourable notice from the critics that I found myself considerably in requisition for the portrayal of western characters. After "The Squaw Man," I was engaged for the title role in "The Virginian," a part I played during the seasons of 1908-1909.

I firmly believe that my continued success in western roles was principally due to the fact that I was at last able to gratify an ambition of doing something I had unconsciously been waiting to do all my life. My own experience and training stood me in excellent stead, for it came naturally to me to depict the type of characters I had actually known and loved as a boy, and to draw the line between realism and cheap sensationalism.

Moreover I was awakening to the fact that there was something in the spirit and atmosphere of these western plays that appealed strongly to the imagination of the eastern public. There is probably some hidden instinct as old as the history of humanity that quickens in the heart of the humblest dweller of our great cities to the lure of the Great Unknown and the freedom of wide distances, cooped in however much he be by the artificial fastnesses of civilisation.

Not that I have any grudge against civilisation. Civilisation and development are necessary, as I know, to the growth and progress of every country. Even the West I once knew and loved is following in the inevitable trend of all temporal things. The mule trains and the mill

trains, the red man and the buffalo, and all those stalwart types who packed guns in the open are gone, never to return again.

But their spirit is immortal, and when at last I realised my opportunities, I registered a solemn vow that it should be my life's work to materialise that spirit in living words and actions, and faithfully produce those days which had meant so much to me as a boy, and which, thank God, I had never really forgotten.

"The Moving Finger Writes—"

IT was about when I had reached the zenith of my stage career that my father passed away. I had kept in close touch with my family during all my struggles, and it gave me great happiness to know that both my parents lived to reap with me the fruits of my success.

Shortly before my father's death, he and my mother were able to move to Westport, Connecticut, where I had purchased an old family home, so that their declining days should be spent in ease and comfort.

My mother died during the latter years of my theatrical career, just before I went into pictures. I am glad that both she and my father saw the hopes realised they had so steadfastly placed in their son, though I still regret that neither lived to see me realise my own in the new field that was to be opened to me with the advent of moving pictures.

In the previous chapters of these reminiscences, I have related how the success of "The Squaw Man" had heralded a long succession of Western plays. Unfortunately this craze resulted in the usual number of cheap imitations that seem to follow in the wake of everything that can be called a pronounced and individual line of fashion. Western "thrillers" of the sensational variety were turned out by the dozen, and taken on the road by the smaller companies. To most of the actors the territory beyond the Rockies was an unknown land, and the stories of these plays were based on the sort of psychology that is only to be found in cheap novels.

To make matters worse, the moving picture industry, then in the earliest stages of its apparently perennial infancy,



I noticed a number of people coming out of a picture house, and amongst them I recognised our missing men.

July 17th, 1920.

found in the popular demand for western stories a wonderful outlet for a veritable deluge of weird and wonderful efforts in production, which only contributed still more towards the distorted ideas many intelligent people were forming about life as it is lived in the western plains.

The year 1914 marks the period when the epidemic had reached its height, and it was this date that also marked the turning point in my own career.

The Fateful Year 1914.

IN the month of January, 1914, I was playing in Cleveland, Ohio, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." It was bitter weather. We had had an all-night railroad journey, and after I had settled in my hotel and unpacked my belongings, I went out to look up a friend who happened to be staying in the same city.

He was out when I called, but was expected back in an hour or so. I declined the hospitable invitation to come in and wait for him, and said as I had an errand or two to do, I would return later on.

The snow lay thick on the ground, and I bundled my collar up well over my ears to keep them from actually freezing. I happened to pass the theatre in which we were going to give our show that night and noticed three long scenery trucks pulled up against the curb. The horses were all blanketed up, but the drivers were nowhere to be seen. It wanted not so many hours before the show was due to begin, and, as a good deal of time was usually needed to get the scenery hung and placed properly, it seemed mighty strange to me that preparations were not being hurried forward in the usual way.

I hung about for some time, but still nobody came. Then I noticed that there was a saloon a little further down the street, and naturally conjecturing that the men had turned in for a drop of something to keep out the cold, I decided that it was none of my business, and proceeded on my errand.

About twenty minutes later, I was returning to my friend's house by the way I had come, when to my surprise I saw that the trucks were still standing loaded as before in front of the theatre. Feeling rather uneasy, I was about to turn into the saloon to make inquiries, when I noticed a number of people coming out of a picture house across the way, and amongst them our missing men.

They were engaged in a heated argument about the merits of the performance they had just witnessed. One of their number had asserted that it was the "bunk," whilst the others had obviously been deeply impressed. The gentleman who formed the minority appealed to me as an arbiter.

"Seem to have heard you're from the West, Mr. Hart," he said. "Well, there's

a guy in there who thinks he's doing western stuff, and yet I'm open to bet that they'd have to strap him to his pinto if it started to trot, and that he couldn't shoot a barn-door at a six-foot range."

The discussion grew so heated that I found myself getting interested. Until that day I had never given a serious thought to motion pictures, but had entertained the usual "superior" notions of a stage actor concerning their artistic possibilities, notions which at that time were certainly in some degree well justified.

However, I could not but realise that, whatever my own opinions and prejudices might be, there must be something very compelling in this new medium to excite so much interest and arouse so passionate an argument amongst men of such widely different characters.

I found myself warming to their enthusiasm, and succumbing to a spell which was strangely blended with frank curiosity, and the subtler lure of past associations. I waited till the teams had driven off, and postponing my visit to my friend to another day, I decided to spend the interval till our show began in the picture theatre across the way.

My First Experience of the Movies.

SMILE when I think of that afternoon, my first experience of the "movies."

Incidentally I was able to thoroughly endorse the candid criticism I had just heard of the "Western" picture.

It was only natural in those early pioneer days of the moving picture industry, when producers had to work with a very limited capital, that there should be a certain crude simplicity in their efforts. The few interior "sets" were flimsy in the extreme. Walls were quaking at the closing of a door. The simple furniture in use in the sheriff's home reappeared without any attempt at camouflage in the outlaw's hut. As God's scenery cost nothing, most of the "shots" were taken on location to save expense, and as few characters as possible were used in the cast, more or less successful "doubling" keeping the pay-roll within the most economical limits.

Anybody who has been with small companies on the road can well afford to understand and overlook such details. What I could not forgive was the deliberate distortion of the western character for the sake of putting over a bit of cheap sensationalism. I found myself getting red and hot with indignation, and yet at the same time I was held spellbound by the realisation of the tremendous possibilities of the screen.

I left the theatre, my brain in a whirl, obsessed by the one thought: "This is where you come in. This is your big chance

to show the world the West and the western as they really are."

That night as I played my accustomed part on the stage, my mind was travelling on still further. I realised for the first time the limitations of "this wooden O," as Shakespeare so marvellously defines the theatre of his own and any other day. I had fulfilled what I had fondly thought the very sum of my ambitions, and was portraying western characters as I had known them to those who had never been in touch with that wonderful land of my boyhood and youth. But how narrow was after all the sphere of my life's work! At the best I was playing to a few hundreds every night, when through the medium of motion pictures I might be interpreting the West to millions.

My Mind Made Up.

THAT night my mind was made up. The company with whom I was under contract was owned by Klaw and Erlander. My engagement was drawing to an end with the close of the tour, but I had already been offered the leading role in their new spring production, a drama, by Mr. Eugene Walter, entitled "The Woman."

At that time of the year theatrical engagements were fairly difficult to get. I had neither friends nor influence to help me in my new career on which I was about to embark, but I decided to burn my bridges, and wrote Mr. Erlander to thank him for his offer, which I regretted circumstances obliged me to decline.

The firm was simply astounded at my refusal. They argued with me long and expensively by wire, pointing out to me the stupendous scale of the new production, the fame of the author, and the vast opportunities that would be afforded me to show my dramatic ability. As a final inducement, they sent the author himself to ascertain the true cause of my extraordinary attitude, and to persuade me into altering my decision.

When at last I found myself driven into a corner from which there was no escape, I confessed that I had refused the contract because I was going out to the Pacific Coast to make moving pictures.

That was enough. Mr. Walter did not waste any further time with bootless argument. He went straight back to New York, and reported to Mr. Erlander: "I think Bill Hart's losing his mind!"

(This real life-story of Bill Hart, written by himself, is appearing exclusively in the BOYS' CINEMA. Tell your chums to read it. Bill Hart next week will tell of his early struggles acting for the pictures.)



When Bill Hart was in the Mojavi desert taking scenes for "Wagon Tracks," the boys of Victorville school spent an interesting day watching him.

July 17th, 1920.

Bill Hart's Own Page

CAMPFIRE TALKS

Bill Hart, at the request of the Editor of the BOYS' CINEMA, has consented to talk to the readers through these pages each week. Bill Hart's "talks" will have to do with the red-blooded life of the great outdoors, and he will explain how each boy can better himself physically and mentally by following the advice contained here. In addition, your great favourite will answer each week the most important question asked him by his readers. So any of you who would like him to talk upon any subject should write to Bill Hart, c/o W. S. Hart Studios, 1215, Bates Avenue, Hollywood, California, U.S.A. Don't forget to mention the BOYS' CINEMA.—EDITOR.

SOMETHING ABOUT SADDLES.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Canada and Australia represent to you British boys the lands of promise where young men may go to build their fortunes. A famous American, Horace Greeley, once said to American boys: "Go West, young man—go West." It is not my purpose here to offer advice, but to compare the American West with the great outdoor countries, Canada and Australia, which so interest you British boys.

Australia, however, is as vastly different from the American West, and her stockmen from our cowboys. When you consider, though, that the Antipodes are some few thousand miles away from the Pacific shores of the United States, there is no need to wonder at great differences in people, and their living and customs.

All kinds of saddles from all over the world have been sent me as presents, and I greatly treasure all of them. Among my choice possessions is an Australian buck-jumper saddle which I find to represent the vast difference in the outdoors of the two countries.

The Australian buck-jumper is a cross between the British and the Mexican saddle. It is a wonderfully perfect saddle for Australian customs, naturally, but it would be absolutely impossible for American ranch uses. For instance, the buck-jumper is too flat for us, and there isn't any saddle horn.

How could we rope steers and horses if we didn't have a saddle horn to dally on to? It couldn't be done; but, of course, in Australia, you see, they don't use ropes.

The buck-jumper saddle has knee pads six inches high, and hip pads two and half inches high, which makes a grip on a horse more certain. And it has leather straps, which are called "monkey grips, on the swell of the pommel to insure against bad falls in breaking "brumbies." These are wild horses in Australia.

When we tie on to a steer, the pony turns and braces to meet the shock. Consequently, we dally on to the horn, and throw our weight with the pony to help him. If we didn't, the pony would be jerked off its feet by the superior weight of the steer. The hip pads on the Australian saddle would make free riding—our style—impossible, and the lack of a horn naturally would make roping impossible. So, boys, while a buck-jumper saddle is absolutely perfect for Australians, it is impractical for us, because a rope is one of the chief necessities of every American cowboy's outfit.

BILL HART'S QUESTION BOX ROPES AND WHIPS.

WHY do American cow-punchers use ropes? And why do Australian stockmen use whips? American cow-punchers use their ropes, or lariats, as the Mexicans call them, to rope cattle for such purposes as branding in actual work on the range, or to demonstrate skill and speed in exhibitions; or we may use a rope to capture a horse in the corral who shows a desire to evade his work for the day. Naturally, cowboys become so marvellously skilful with the rope that they can make it perform miraculous tricks. I only wish I could describe the feats of rope throwing and spinning so that you could see them.

I have seen Australians in shows who were just as deft with their powerful twenty-four foot stock whips, which are made of plaited kangaroo leather. Australian stockmen, who correspond to our cowboys, throw cattle by the tails rather than with a rope. One man riding at good speed twists the steer's tail so deftly that the hind feet are knocked from under, while another rider pounces upon the animal as it struggles on the ground. Of course, the whips are used by the stockmen chiefly for driving purposes, although it is said that they can tie a half-hitch around a steer's neck with one crack.

Cracking these big whips has a fascination for me. True, as a boy, I had cracked our bull whips, but using an Australian stock whip has all the effect of operating a machine-gun in action. I have several whips in my collection of trophies also.

One peculiarity of the Australian stockman is that he wears his sleeves rolled up to his elbows, while we would never think of going without leather cuffs. Of course, these prevent our hands or wrists from being burned to the bone while roping cattle.

And, boys, most peculiar is the fact that the Australian very seldom carries a revolver—or six-shooters, as we call them—but prefers to use a rifle with his outfit. They wear plaited kangaroo hide belts, in which they carry watch and money-pouch.

William S. Hart



July 17th, 1920.

Don't Miss these Rollicking School Yarns of the Boys of Oldbridge Towers.



The FROLICSOME FIVE

No. 4.—Sawdust in Trouble.

The Places in the Team.

ONE July evening the Frolicsome Five were practising at the nets in the Upper Playing Fields, and amongst them were trying hard to raise the batting standard of Billy Bard, which was very low indeed.

Billy was a priceless wicketkeeper, but his average with the bat was generally about one point nothing.

"And then quoth Billy Bard the Bold," began the poet, as he opened his shoulders to one of Tom Blake's fast swingers.

"Bowled you mean," said Tom, as the poet's middle stump flew out. "Billy, you will never be a batsman! What you want is a bag of marbles or a battledoor and shuttlecock."

"The House of Oldbridge I have saved, when foreign batsmen have thee scorned, 'Please stump him,' thou has craved, And soon his side that man have mourned," was Billy's reply. And there was a good deal in it, too, for, fool as he sometimes looked, Billy had a pair of hands that neither Tom's lightning deliveries, nor James Crowe's puzzling twisters, very often got past.

"Well, we shall probably all get our places in the team, anyway, this time," said Sawdust. "I was the only doubtful starter, and the coach dropped a hint this morning that they had decided I should be more use in the field than that pig Drewry, though I suppose he is a better bat."

"What was the row you had with Drewry this morning when you came out?" asked Jim. "Or was it just that you felt like taking it out of someone because of the translation you and Tom had to do for old Mitchie?"

The two friends, who had turned up at the French class without the prescribed preparation, had been "landed" with half a dozen pages of translation each, and as the afternoon had been sunny it had not improved their tempers.

"The demon had been hitting that poor little beggar Snooks—and with a cricket-stump, if you please—for not bowling to him better at the nets. I told him about it, and he asked me if it was my business, and, if it was, would I please take my share out of it. And so I took it out, that's all!" grumbled Sawdust. "He's not worth wasting time on, for he's a rank coward."

"And a dangerous one," said Jim. "He won't like you for beating him for a place in the team for which he was hankering, and he'll like you still less for giving him a hiding in front of his bag. We must watch him. And don't forget that he is acting monitor for our corridor this week."

"The Head says will you go to him at once, Mr. Sawdust," said the voice of little Snooks, as the group swung round to find who it was bestowing the title of "Mr." on the one-and-only Dusty.

Sawdust looked at the lad for a minute or try to find out whether he was joking; July 17th, 1920.

but the little fellow was evidently so troubled that Sawdust turned away with a grunt.

"What the dickens is it now, I wonder?" he said, as he walked slowly off, trying to recall all the undiscovered sins of the past few days—no very simple task be it said.

"Our Dusty to the Head must go. That justice may be done. So sound no drums and sound no pipes, Far off we'll hear the sound of swipes, As Dusty bendeth low," comforted Billy Bard.

"Did you pass that translation stuff in before you came out?" asked Tom, pushing Billy into the net.

"Yes, about an hour after yours," replied Dusty. "The Head was out, but I left them on his desk."

"That's all right, then. Get off, and let us know what it is as soon as you can. Take that kid with you in case you get copped out about something you have forgotten."

Dusty went hastily to the Head's study. The Old Man was pacing the room, and looked up sternly as Dusty entered. Going to his desk, he handed twenty or thirty sheets of handwriting to the mystified boy.

"Will you explain what you mean by that?" he asked quietly.

Dusty looked from the Head to his own pages of translation and back again.

"I am afraid I don't quite know what you mean, sir," he said.

"If you turn over a few pages you may find out," was the still very quiet reply.

Hastily Dusty turned over the first few pages of his task, and then stared in a stupefied fashion at the last dozen or so.

"These are not mine, sir," he said.

"I wondered," said the Head cautiously, "whether you would have the impudence to claim that they were, now that you are found out. But, go on, sir! What is the meaning of your submitting part of Blake's translation as your own? I admit that your handwriting and his resemble each other, but surely you had not the impudence to think that I should not recognise the fraud? I suppose you thought that I should merely cancel the front page and throw the lot into the wastepaper-basket, as I happened to do with Blake's—this very translation you have here—an hour before when I was in a hurry?"

"I assure you, sir, that the whole—"

"And being too much occupied with other things to trouble with the task which had been assigned to you, you take Blake's already used copy from my room, and substitute it for what you ought to have done yourself? What makes this offence a most serious one in my eyes is that you must have entered my study in my absence for the very purpose of stealing—here Dusty flushed an angry red—"yes, stealing, sir, something to which you had no right, and which, still further, you were going to use in cheating me and your masters."

"I swear to you, sir, that I did nothing of the kind. This is the first time I have seen Blake's copy. I did all my own."

The Old Man looked up at him angrily. He knew that these boys, tiresome and mischievous though they were, did not lie; but he was convinced that for once Dusty had broken that rule on being found out, and the thought made him all the more angry.

"What possible explanation can there be, boy?" he demanded. "The rest of Blake's copy has been taken away, presumably to hide the fact that some of it has been stolen. I left it in my wastepaper-basket, and that has not been cleared. If you did your own, where is it? I must consider what action to take in this matter. In the meantime, consider yourself confined to your room."

"But—but, sir," stammered the unhappy Dusty. "The last full cricket practice is just going to begin, and I—"

"I cannot help that," was the response. "You should have thought of all that before. At present you are under a grave suspicion, amounting I may say in my mind to a certainty, of a series of very grave offences, and your absence from any team which is to represent this school would be desirable under the circumstances, your place for the present must be taken by someone else."

"Drewry," thought Sawdust, savagely. "How the beggar will gloat!"

The Head had turned away, and there was nothing to do but go. He turned out of the study with a lagging step, and almost tumbled over little Snooks at the corner.

"Go and tell the boys I'm lagged, young 'un," he said; and went slowly upstairs to his room.

Snooks' Story.

TWO or three minutes later Dusty's four friends bustled in, but they could only stop to hear the bare details as they were wanted at once to play in the trial match which would finally decide the composition of the school team.

A timid knock came to his door a few minutes later, and little Snooks stood trembling on the threshold.

"I wondered—if I could do anything to help you," said the lad.

Sawdust laughed and sent him off.

Jim's face was grave as the Four made their way back to the field.

"I'll bet my next term's spending money that that pig Drewry has something to do with this dirty business," said Tom hotly.

"Steady on," said James quietly. "He's coming across to us now, let's see what he wants. Leave this to me."

Drewry sidled up to the four with an ingratiating air.

"I hear Dusty is not playing in the trial," he said, "so—"

"What the deuce has that to do with you!" rapped out Tom, regardless of Jim's warning.

"Oh, nothing," said Drewry hurriedly. "Only I have to play for the Probables team now."

He went away with a self-satisfied air, but there was something uneasy about his manner, all the same, and it did not escape the keen eye of James Crowe.

The Probables team won the toss and elected to bat first. As the opening pair left the pavilion, James looked round and saw that Drewry had disappeared.

A moment later young Snooks came running down the field to ask for him. Drewry was wanted by the Head, unless he happened to be batting.

He was nowhere to be found; and the Four looked at each other, wondering what on earth it could all be about.

"I'm going to look into this, Tom," announced James. "Put me in last, will you?"

Tom nodded, and Crowe followed little Snooks up the field.

The boy knocked timidly at Drewry's door, and, receiving no answer, pushed it open and went inside. James turned into Dusty's room to talk things over with that very much upset young man.

Drewry had not heard the knock on his door because at the time he was bending over the fireplace, apparently very busy, though there was no fire in the room.

"What the deuce do you mean by walking into my room in this way?" he demanded, as, very red in the face, he turned on the boy.

"I—I knocked, sir!" stammered the boy. Then he stared at Drewry with a look of surprise on his face. "The Head wants to see you at once, sir," he added.

"The—Head?" said Drewry, queerly. "Do you know what he wants?" he asked in a very different tone from the one he had used a moment before.

"No, sir," said the lad, staring round the room as though he had never seen it before, though he had to straighten up for Drewry every day.

"Well, get out, anyway!" snapped the monitor.

A few minutes later Dusty was again sent for. Drewry was standing at the Head's desk. Snooks followed him into the room to see if he was wanted any more, and remained standing unnoticed near the curtains by the door.

"You told me," said the Head, to Dusty, "that you placed your translation on my desk at five o'clock. Will you tell me what you were doing then, between four and five?" Drewry, who is monitor of your corridor for this week, says that he happened to notice that you were not in your room during that time."

"I—I was walking round, sir," said Dusty, uneasily.

"Oh! Who was with you?" "I—was alone, sir. That is—at least, I—"

"That is to say what?" thundered the Head, thoroughly angry at what he was now sure was the boy's deceit. "I believe that you are generally in company with three or four other boys of the school. Were you with any of them?"

"No, sir," faltered Dusty.

"Then where on earth were you? Unless you can explain what to me seems a very simple matter, at once, I am afraid I must make up my mind that you have been lying to me through the whole of this miserable business!"

"Please, sir," began young Snooks, coming forward trembling.

The Head turned round with a roar.

"What on earth are you doing here, sir?" he bellowed. "Is there no discipline in this place, or has everybody gone mad. How dare you, sir?"

"I was only going to say, sir, that it was all my fault, sir. I know where he was. He was helping—"

"Here! You shut up!" said Dusty. The Headmaster of Oldbridge had had some scenes in his study during a long lifetime devoted to boys, but this insubordinate outburst of Dusty's left him speechless.

Before he could recover his breath, Snooks, taking his courage in both hands, gasped:

"Dusty was helping me with my lessons, sir!"

The Head looked from one to the other in surprise. At last he was able to speak calmly.

"Well, it may do you credit to be helping a junior with his work," he said, "but we are still where we were with regard to the translation. If you did it, where is it?"

"Please, sir," gasped little Snooks. "Well, and what now, pray?"

"Please, sir, I think I know something about some papers, sir."

"Out with it!" shouted the Head.

He turned to where Drewry was standing. The boy had gone a pale green.

"May—may I go and get a drink of water, sir?" he asked in a very sick voice.

"Why, yes. What's the matter with you, boy?"

"There's some water here, sir," said little Snooks, taking up a decanter and a glass from the table.

"Here, drink this," said the Head.

"I would rather—" began Drewry. "Drink this, I tell you!" said the Head.

"Now, what do you know about the papers?" he added turning to Snooks.

"I saw some papers in Drewry's room, sir, when I was tidying it this afternoon. They were torn up and thrown into the fireplace. They were translations, I know, sir. I was just going to clear them away when I heard your bell."

"Fetch them to me at once!" said the Head, sternly.

"I—I can't, sir!" said the lad, stammering.

"Can't? Why on earth can't you?"

"Because—because Drewry has them in his pocket, sir. I saw him put them there when I went to fetch him for you a few minutes ago."

There was a second's tense silence, then, not seeing a loophole of escape any other way, Drewry, with a face like chalk, jumped for the door.

Out shot Dusty's foot, and for the first time the Headmaster's study was the scene of a rough and tumble fight.

Pulled to his feet, the trembling culprit was made to turn out his pockets, and there, before the eyes of the Three, were the evidences of his mean crime.

The Headmaster gazed out of the window.

"I owe you an apology, my lad," he said to Dusty, holding out his hand. "We will leave it till another time, for I want you to go and tell Mr. Trooper that you can take your place in the team. They seem to be needing you. You may leave Drewry and I alone. We have a little business to transact."

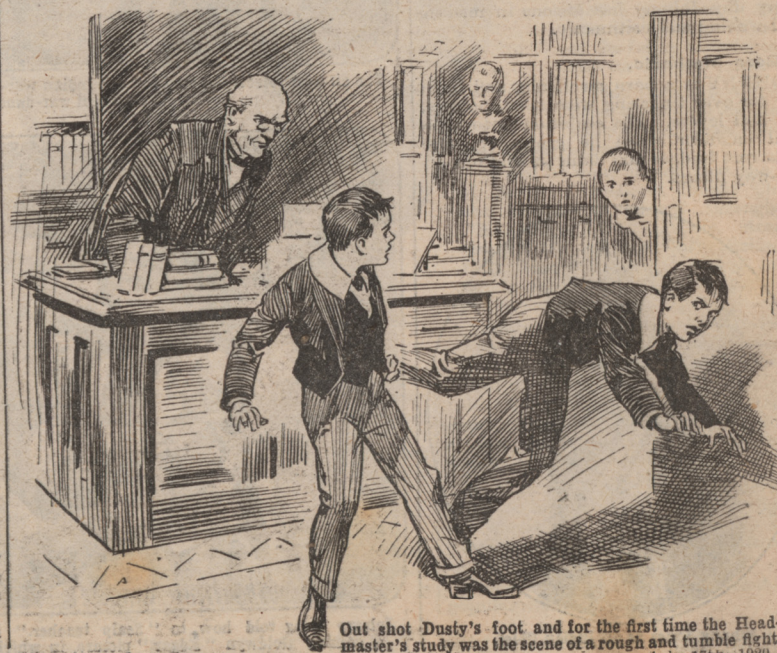
Dusty was welcomed with a yell as he rushed down the field, for James Crowe was just going in at the fall of the eighth wicket, and things were looking serious. They kept the other Three waiting for an hour, while they added eighty to the score of the side, and saved the game.

"But," said Tom, with a twinkle in his eye, when the story was finished in the study afterwards, "I'll bet you didn't tell the Old Man what it was you were helping young Snooks with?"

"Leave, oh, leave me not in doubt, tell the ghastly crime full out; what was it that Dusty did, to save the gallant Snooksy kid?" begged Billy.

"French impositions," said Tom, dodging the book which Dusty threw at him.

(Another Fine School Yarn Next Week.)



Out shot Dusty's foot, and for the first time the Headmaster's study was the scene of a rough and tumble fight. July 17th, 1920.

A Great NEW Complete Story Paper

No. 1 On Sale This Friday!

Long Complete Tales of SEXTON BLAKE, the Master Detective; ROBIN HOOD, Prince of Outlaws, and BUFFALO BILL, King of Scouts. Thrilling NELSON LEE Serial. Printed in 4 Colours.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

NUGGET WEEKLY 1½

Chief Big Tree Dressing Johnny Jones as a Real Indian.

EVERY boy who would like to "act for the pictures" must envy the part Johnny Jones has to play in the coming Booth Tarkington series of "Edgar," the Goldwyn photo-plays, soon to be shown over here.

These photographs show Johnny Jones being made up as a real Indian chief. In this make-up, he appears on the screen to show Edgar's vivid mental picture of what he would like to see happen to teacher, because she kept him in school for being a naughty boy.

What boy amongst the readers of the Boys' CINEMA cannot remember a similar instance in his own life, when he has felt he is being punished unjustly for some real or imaginary offence. His thoughts, as he suffers the punishment, are all of Revenge!—with a big R. No torture could be too terrible by which he could save his self-esteem, and this is just what Edgar felt like when teacher kept him in.

He allowed himself a pleasant time dreaming of himself as a mighty Indian with his band of dusky braves, scalping teacher, and making her suffer as he was.

A Real War-Dance.

THESE pictures show Johnny Jones being made up for his part as an Indian chief. A real Indian, Chief Big Tree, and several other Southern Californian Indians were engaged for the pictures, and Chief Big Tree taught Johnny Jones a real war-dance, and made him up to look the part. Johnny was a very apt pupil, and when we see him in the picture, with Miss Ellison Manners as "teacher," surrounded by his band of braves, we shall see how much he enjoyed the part.

Johnny Jones says it is lots of fun working for the pictures, but Johnny has to go to school just like other little boys of twelve years of age. He lives at home with his father and mother and five-year-old sister. He goes to bed at nine o'clock promptly every night, and gets up at six.

Every day except Saturday and Sunday, he goes along to the Goldwyn studio, whether he is working on pictures or not. For a little schoolroom has been fitted up in one of the dressing-rooms, and here a teacher coaches Johnny, and the other children employed in the "Edgar" pictures, in their studies. For four solid hours every day Johnny has lessons in reading and writing and arithmetic.

A Born Mechanic.

JOHNNY is a born mechanic, and he is for ever tinkering with saws, pulleys, and levers. His ambition is to be a civil engineer when he grows up, and construct bridges and dams in wild out-of-the-way places.



Johnny Jones as an Indian Chief. July 17th, 1920.



Chief Big Tree, a Southern Californian Indian, putting paint on Johnny's face to make him look like a Red Indian.



The director selects the spot for the Indian war-dance scene. Johnny Jones has been taught to do a real war-dance by Red Indians.



Johnny being told how to "Scalp teacher." This is one of the things he does in the coming Goldwyn "Edgar" picture, in which this clever boy plays a leading part.

Life Stories of Screen Heroes No. 32 Jimmy AUBREY

Admired by Boys.

JIMMY AUBREY has a big following of boys who love comedy films. It is surprising the number of funny things he thinks of to make us laugh.

Jimmy says that this is due to the fact that he keeps up with the times. He reads every article of general interest that appears in the newspapers, and sees the funny side of serious things and holds them up for the public in funny films. That is why in many of his screen plays there is a serious touch that heightens the mirth which goes before, and that which follows.

His comedies always amuse, because they treat subjects which are in the public mind, and we laugh most when Jimmy gets the worst of it.

Making comedy films is dangerous work, as so many of the scenes cannot be rehearsed. Only the other day in a big "V" comedy, Jimmy Aubrey, as a tenant, had to elude the blows of an irate comedy landlord.

Jimmy was standing in front of a safe, and when the comedy villain shot out his right fist, Aubrey played the old trick of dodging, so that the villain landed his punch on the hard iron of the safe, instead of the soft part of Jimmy's face.

Aubrey was so sorry for the villain that he thought he would give him another chance to hit him, and moved over against a large pillar which supported the supposed mansion where they were playing their parts.

Once more the villain missed his punch, and it was such a mighty one, that when he did hit the pillar, the house came tumbling down.

A couple of players standing on the balcony had a severe fall. As they were both acrobats and used to making comedy tumblers, neither was injured. The only loss was the set, which cost several hundred dollars.

As Jimmy viewed the wreckage after the scene, he remarked: "It was pretty expensive, but if it causes hundreds of people to forget their troubles for a while and laugh—well, it was worth it." And really, you cannot help laughing at this film—the climax comes so unexpectedly.

Wanted to be called James.

ONCE upon a time, Jimmy tried to appear dignified, and desired his admirers, when they wrote to him, to address him as "James," which was the name his parents had given him when they had visions of their son becoming the manager of a bank or something equally serious and respectable. Jimmy is really not a bit "side-y," and in real life he is an awfully good fellow.

As a funny man he is extremely popular. That is why they call him "Jimmy."

"James" sounds too formal, and lacks the friendly note, and since Aubrey discovered that his friends were averse to calling him "James," he has decided to answer to the name of Jimmy, as he realizes it is a name of endearment.

Of course, every boy for miles around the Vitagraph studio knows Jimmy, and when word was given that some fifty boys were wanted for making one of his comedies every youth within walking distance applied for the work. And they were all hired, to make a big pile on top of Jimmy.

They never had such a lovely time in all their lives. They all enjoyed it—

One morning he is busily engaged giving gas to a patient, and the unfortunate man gets so much that he starts floating upwards to the ceiling.

Jimmy is unable to get him down, and does his best to puncture the poor patient.

This, however, is not successful.

Then all of a sudden the floating patient drifts out through the open window. Jimmy secures a coil of rope and lassoes him just in the nick of time.

There is another amusing scene in one of his latest films, entitled "Pals and Pugs."

The villain of the piece happened to be standing beneath a painter's scaffold, upon which were buckets and tuckets of paint.

As the villain was strolling along with his head in the air he managed to knock against a rope hanging down. With a mighty crash, down came the paint, painters and scaffold, and you can well understand that the well-dressed villain looked a terrible mess when he managed to get up.

Jimmy Aubrey, like so many other screen comedians who have made good in America, was born in England.

For a long time he was on the music-hall stage, and he toured in his early days in many of Mr. Fred Karno's well-known comedy sketches.

Those of you who have seen "Mumming Birds" will be interested to know that it was Jimmy Aubrey who first created the part of the funny wrestler in this skit on variety turns.

This sketch has possibly been the means of making more screen comedians than any other show.

It will be remembered that the King of Screen Comedians, Charlie Chaplin also became prominent through the "Mumming Birds," while, strangely enough, the popular Billy Richie and Billy Reeves have also played in this during some part of their careers as public entertainers.

Jimmy Aubrey has been in America for a good many years now, but he declares that he will pay a visit to his native town at the first opportunity.

He is so busy, however, turning out screen comedies at the rate of about ten a week that his producer will not let him wander very far from the studio.

If Jimmy is out of sight for more than a couple of hours together, everybody at the studio immediately becomes panic-stricken, and search parties are sent out to look for him.

Such are the trials and troubles of popular screen comedians.



Jimmy Aubrey, the Vitagraph comedian, tries to look pleasant.

except the comedian; in fact, they enjoyed it all the more, because he didn't. It gave them something to laugh about for many days. Jimmy remembered it also for "many a day." It's not at all pleasant to be the one nearest the hard ground in a pile of human beings.

Too Much Gas.

ONE of Jimmy's latest pictures deals with dentists. As you can imagine, Jimmy Aubrey as a dentist is screamingly funny.

If you want to write him, address your letter, JIMMY AUBREY, Vitagraph Studios, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

July 17th, 1920.



Waiting for something to turn up.



Jimmy Aubrey tries to look like a cowboy in one of his comedies, "Wild and Woolly." He is not very successful, is he? But Jimmy says he would rather ride a pet donkey than a bucking-broncho, and he must have his glasses so that he sights the enemy before he sees Jimmy, but I am afraid he won't see much if he holds it that way. What do you think?



Off for a flight in an aeroplane.
July 17th, 1920.



The big man shows his annoyance by dropping the blacksmith's anvil on his head.



Jimmy is trying hard not to let the plates fall, although he has got all mixed up with the furniture. It is when the crash comes that we have to laugh.



He tries to quench his thirst, but he will be unlucky when the owner looks round.

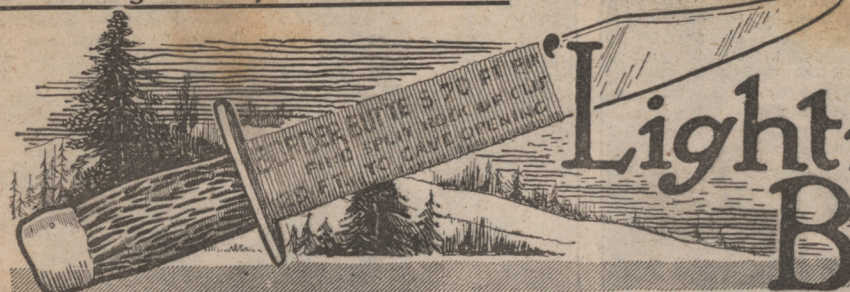


He is not very successful as a dentist, perhaps because he is not looking where he is pulling.



After a long chase he is caught, and gets his nose pulled by his enemy. It's only for a picture. But it is not a pleasant way of earning a living.
July 17th, 1920.

A Thrilling Yarn of Hidden Treasure.



Read the adventures of Jack Hoxie, the F.B.O. film hero, to outwit an unscrupulous villain ::

The Message in the Gramophone.

"THERE is the Indian who killed your father."

The words seemed to come from the gramophone, and Zambleau, putting his hands to his ears, cried out in a frenzy of terror.

"Stop it, I tell all. Zambleau no kill white man. It was the wolf powder that did it. The two white men come to our mountains and find sacred treasure. The priest tell Zambleau to track them and kill them. I took the wolf powder and blew it over one white man's face as he slept. The powder makes the sleeper see a wolf instead of the man who is his friend, and, thinking it is a wolf, he draws his knife and kills his friend. Then, when the madness caused by the wolf powder has left him, he sees what he has done. And this man called Bryce came long, long trail to sheriff to tell him all. But he die before he can tell sheriff about wolf powder."

As the Indian finished his story, Kate Arnold burst into tears.

"I can see it all so clearly now," she sobbed. "Can you forgive me for thinking it was your father who really killed mine? He killed him, but not knowingly, and therefore it was not murder. You will forgive me, dear, won't you?"

Lightning Bryce's reply was to take Kate into his arms.

"You are not to blame, dear. I myself was baffled. It was only the perfect faith I had in my dad that made me know there was a mistake somewhere. And now I will go to find the treasure that has been the cause of so much misery. I mean to get it at all costs."

"You mean we will go!" said Kate, as she looked up into the eyes of the man she loved.

Solvang's Plans.

WHILE Lightning Bryce and Kate were forcing the confession from Zambleau, Powder Solvang and his gang were having a busy time.

The leader of the Coyotes had heard that Lightning and Kate had been seen in San Domingo, and from the man who gave him the information—he was a man who had formerly been a Coyote till the town of Stillwell got too hot to hold him—he also learned that a sheriff's posse was after him. Solvang quickly decided that San Domingo would be a very unhealthy place for him, but like a wise general, he did not tell the gang how matters stood.

For him there was safety in numbers. If they could only get hold of some horses, they could take to the road again. For the moment the treasure did not worry him. He realised that his neck was in danger and that all the treasure in the world would be no good to a dead man.

While he was thinking what was the best thing to do one of the gang spotted the sheriff's posse. Solvang saw that further concealment of their dangerous plight would not avail him, and he decided to throw his cards on the table and trust the gang. If they abandoned him, he would at least know where he was.

"That looks mighty like a sheriff's posse, boys," he said. "And I guess they're after us. We've not got much time to make our minds up. What is it?"

July 17th, 1920.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LIGHTNING BRYCE, the hero, and **KATE ARNOLD**, the heroine, whose fathers were partners and discovered a large gold deposit. One of the fathers conceives a plan of taking a dagger and wrapping a piece of string around the blade, after which he prints on the string the exact location of the gold deposit. The string is left to Lightning Bryce, and the knife to Kate Arnold; neither of the articles is of use without the other.

POWDER SOLVANG, the villain, who is determined to gain possession of the knife and string. He is the leader of the "Solvang Gang."

SADIE BLISS, his sweetheart.

The **MYSTERY WOMAN**, who frequently comes to the aid of Kate Arnold and Lightning Bryce.

ZAMBLEAU, one of the principal members of the Conchle Indians, a tribe with strange rites. Zambleau makes many attempts to kill Bryce. He is now in the hands of Lightning.

going to be? Scatter and each man for himself, or stick together? Anyway will suit me, but my advice is that we stick together."

"Guess you've got us all into a tight corner, Solvang, so you'd better try to get us out," said one.

"That's the talk," said another. "It's sink or swim, and I calculate we'll have a better chance in one boat."

"It won't be the first posse I've fooled," remarked Solvang, "and if you put your dust on me, I guess I'll pull you through. But when I'm dealing let no man touch the pack. There ain't room for two bosses in this outfit, leastways not while I'm around. Just open your ears and listen to the hand I'm going to put up against the sheriff. They can't get to where we are with their horses. When they come to the foot of that bluff you'll see them dismount and scatter. That's our chance. We'll sneak down the gully, get their horses, and ride off. It's risky, but it's the only way out. If we're collared, there's only one thing to do. Pull our guns and die fighting. I guess that's better than stretching hemp."

"Good fer you, Solvang," said one of the gang. "We're with you every time." In single file they began to crawl down the gully. Solvang was leading, and after he had gone about two hundred yards he held up his hand and crawled against the bank. The reason for this manoeuvre was soon apparent to the rest. The sheriff and one of his men were walking along the top of the gully. The sheriff was speaking.

"Like a blamed fool, Luke, I never got any description of this bunch we're after. The only thing is to stick up every stranger we drop across and bring him into town for that fellow Lightning Bryce to have a look at. By the look of things they ain't around here, but we'll walk to the end of the bank here, and then come back through the gully."

Solvang chuckled softly to himself. Here was a streak of luck. The sheriff and his posse did not know them. It might be possible to get into San Domingo before them and find out what had become of Lightning Bryce and Kate Arnold.

As soon as the sheriff and his assistant had walked away, Solvang led the gang

down the gully. Very foolishly the posse had not left anybody in charge of their horses, and Powder Solvang and his men simply leapt on the backs of the animals and galloped away.

Outside the town the gang disposed of the horses and went in on foot. They separated, agreeing to meet at a certain saloon. Powder Solvang struck a man he had met in the old days, and from him learned that Lightning and Kate were at the chief hotel.

"I guess I'll take a chance and see if I can't sneak into that hotel and get away with that knife and string," said the Coyote leader.

The Secret Directions.

AFTER they had got the confession from Zambleau, Lightning and Kate began to lay their plans. Turning to the Indian, the cowboy told him that he would have to guide them to where Kate's father had been killed.

"And it will pay you to act straight with me," said Lightning. "I realise that you were under the orders of your priests when you blew that wolf powder on the face of my dad's partner, but it was you who was responsible for the killing, all the same. I haven't quite made up my mind what to do with you, but if you attempt to play me false or try to get away, I'll kill you, sure as shooting. I'm going to truss you up and keep you in that room for a while."

He bound Zambleau, and then went back to Kate. Taking the knife and string, he began to wind the string round the blade, and this time there was no mistake. The words came up clear as print.

"Broken butte. South 70 feet. Up cliff 29 feet. Find split rock 28 feet to cave opening."

"I guess the best thing for us to do will be to write this down and then destroy the string," said Lightning. "First of all I'm going to find your dad and give him a decent Christian burial, and then we will go after the treasure. I reckon we've got rid of Solvang and his crowd for the present. They'll find these parts too hot to be pleasant, I'm thinking."

He called out the directions and Kate Arnold wrote them down on a sheet of paper.

Little did Lightning Bryce dream of how near he was to death as he made his plans and chatted so lightly to Kate. Outside the window crouched one of Solvang's men. He had been dodging round the back of the hotel when he had heard the cowboy talking to the Indian. Here was a good chance to get rid of Lightning Bryce for ever. As the cowboy unwound the string and set it on fire the Coyote drew his revolver and took steady aim. But even as he was sighting his gun another person was taking an equally steady aim with a much more dangerous weapon.

The mysterious woman in white had a blowpipe containing a poisoned dart lined on the Coyote, and the dart hit its target just a second before the man could draw trigger. With a shriek of agony the Coyote dropped to the ground.

Lightning Bryce heard the cry and jumped through the window. He recog-

nised the fatally stricken man and knew from his writhing face that he was passing in his cheques. There was no need to worry about him. The gun in the man's hand told the cowboy the whole story, and he realised that where one or two of the Coyotes was, there would bound to be others. Rushing along the yard of the hotel he darted in and out the buildings, but not a trace of a Coyote could he see.

"They must be somewhere near," he muttered as he ran into the street. He caught sight of someone apparently dodging behind the bushes at the back of the hotel and gave chase. As a matter of fact it was only a townsman after a jack rabbit, but Lightning Bryce did not know this. By the time he had come up with the man and found out his mistake he had been gone from the hotel a good quarter of an hour, and in this time many things had happened.

Zambleau had managed to get rid of his bonds, and after he had heard the cowboy jump through the window he rushed in to Kate. The girl was completely taken by surprise, and before she could cry for help the Indian's hand had closed over her mouth. Quickly he bound and gagged her, and taking the paper with the instructions she had copied from the string, he sneaked out of the hotel.

When Lightning Bryce returned to find the Indian gone and Kate a prisoner he went wild with rage. Quickly undoing the girl's bonds he asked her if he knew which direction the Indian had taken. Kate shook her head.

"He went out by the side door, but I should think he is certain to make for the bushes at the back. He has no horse, and will most likely hide till night time till he can steal one."

"That's so," agreed the cowboy. "What a fool I was to let him out of my sight. I've got to get that paper back somehow. You stay here, and if any of the sheriff's men come around tell them what has happened and send them after me. Give them a full description of Zambleau and also Solvang. The fact that one of the gang is here is a sure sign that the others are not far away. I wonder who killed the Coyote? Poisoned dart by the look of it. Well, I guess it hit him just in time. He had a gun in his hand and it doesn't want much figuring to know who he was aiming at."

Leaving Kate with many instructions to be careful and look out for Powder Solvang, Lightning set out in search of Zambleau. Luck was with him, for he soon caught sight of the Indian hiding in the bushes. As he ran towards him, Zambleau made for the top of the cliff, but before he could get down to the other side Lightning Bryce was on him.

Fear gave the Indian strength, and he resisted all the cowboy's efforts to throw him. As they wrestled, neither noticed that they were nearing the edge of the

cliff, and when the cowboy, exerting all his strength, lifted Zambleau from his feet to throw him, he felt his feet slip from under him. Locked in a deadly grip, the two men fell over the cliff into the river below. The cold shock of the water separated them, and when Lightning Bryce came to the surface he saw the Indian swimming away with such a start that he was over the other side before the cowboy was halfway across.

Raging at thus being balked again, Lightning made his way back to the hotel.

He was so downhearted at having lost the Indian that Kate felt sorry for him. Personally, she did not worry much about the treasure. Her one thought was to get to the place where her father had been killed, and to see that his body was buried.

"Don't bother about the gold," she said. "Even if the Indian does get it, what does it matter? There seems to be a curse on it. Had it not been for that treasure our fathers would have still been alive. It almost separated us. Let us forget all about it."

"I can quite understand your way of looking at it, Kate, but there is another side to it," said the cowboy. "If our fathers could speak now, I am sure they would say to me, 'We gave our lives for the gold. Surely you are not going to give up the fight after all the sacrifices we made?'"

"I suppose that would be the man's way of looking at it," agreed Kate.

"And there's another thing," went on the cowboy. "We have got a sacred duty to perform in giving your old dad a Christian burial. Now, wherever his bones lie, the treasure is not far off. And even if the Indian has got the paper, we know the instructions. I burned them in my memory as I read them out to you. My plan is to get an outfit ready and set out once. One of the sheriff's posse will ride over and bring back my horse Scout, and I can get a good horse for you. It is just possible that we may get there before Zambleau. It's a long trail from here, and it's quite possible that we catch up with him before he strikes Funeral mountains. You stay here while I go to the sheriff and fix things for our trip."

Lightning Bryce went off to the sheriff's office, and was fortunate to meet the representative of law and order as he came tramping into the town. In a few words, he told Lightning how somebody had got away with their horses.

"I guess that must have been Powder Solvang and his gang," said the cowboy. "I'm going to hit the trail, sheriff, and I would be pleased if you would send one of your men over to Los Angeles to get my horse Scout while I get an outfit ready."

He then told the sheriff how the Indian had got away with the paper on which was written the directions for finding the treasure.

"It seems to me that he has got a long start, Lightning," said the sheriff; "but it's a long trail, and I reckon you might head him off. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll wire all the big towns, and tell the sheriffs to send runners out to tell the boys to look out for this Zambleau, and also Solvang and his men. In this way there should be a fair chance of capturing them, and you would then have a straight run to Funeral Mountains. That's all I can do for you, boy. I blame myself for letting that pesky Powder Solvang slip through my fingers. If I hadn't been such a tenderfoot as to have left the horses without a guard, we'd have had him in the calaboose by now."

"You did your best, sheriff," replied the cowboy. "The luck seems to be with that Coyote now, but I guess I'll get him good before the trail ends."

Having thanked the sheriff the cowboy went into the town to get the needed stores for his long journey. His story had become known, and he found everybody willing to help him. Many of the townspeople wanted to stand the expense of the outfit, but Lightning would not listen to this.

"I thank you all, boys, and if it was necessary, I would accept your offer. But I guess this is my game, and I have enough money to see it through."

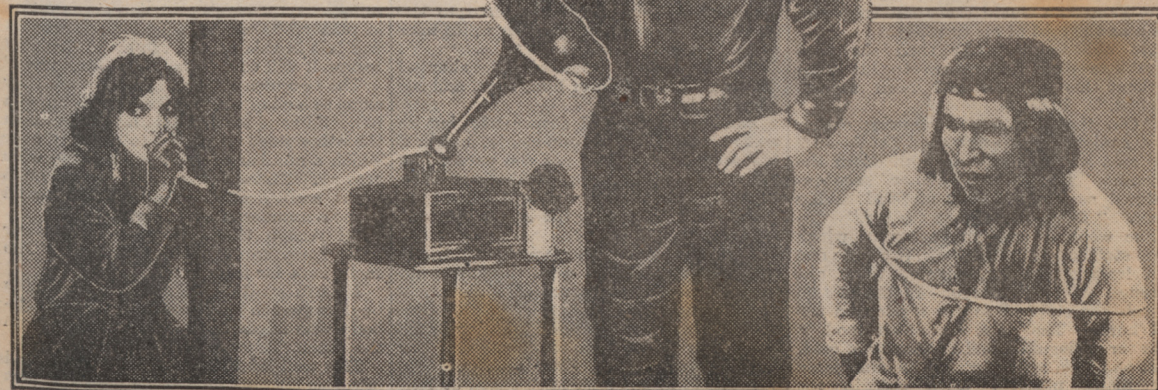
The best news he got that day was from a cowboy who had ridden in for supplies. He found Lightning and told him that his horse Scout was already on his way.

"The sheriff at Los Angeles heard you were in San Domingo," he said, "and he figured as how you would want your horse. He's not an hour's ride behind me."

This was good news indeed, for it meant that by the time that Lightning had got his outfit together Scout would have been rested, and would be ready to take the trail, whereas had he had to have been brought by the sheriff's man from San Domingo, it would have meant a difference of two days.

He went back to Kate and told her the good news.

"Things are looking up," he said. "If the sheriff's message gets round in time, there's a big chance of Zambleau and Solvang being captured. In that case we can take our own time on the journey. In any case, we've a good gambling chance of heading off that Indian."



"There is the Indian who killed your father." The words seemed to come from the gramophone, and Zambleau cried out in a frenzy of terror.

July 17th, 1920.

"Well, the first thing you have to do now is to eat something," remarked Kate. "When we start on the trail, I reckon there's going to be two bosses. You can be in charge of the fighting part, and I will be the boss of the commissariat."

With a bright smile she hurried off to the manager, and in a few minutes a splendid dinner, which she had already ordered, was served. The cowboy's eyes glistened with pleasure as he saw Kate at the head of the table. He pictured in his mind's eye the happy day when she would be at the head of the table when they had a home of their own.

"You just fit into that place as natural as a gun in a holster," he said, looking admiringly at the girl before him.

Kate blushed a rosy red.

"We've got a lot of things to do before that comes about, Lightning," she said softly.

"But there's no question about us doing them," replied the cowboy.

After the meal he lit a cigarette, and soon afterwards Kate retired. Lightning Bryce sat up smoking for some time, and then he sought his room. If all went well they would be able to make a start the next day, and the cowboy knew the value of getting a good sleep when there was a long trail ahead.

The following day saw them start out from San Domingo. Lightning was mounted on Scout, and Kate had a fine animal which the sheriff had got her. They also took a pack animal to carry their food and cooking utensils. Practically the whole of San Domingo turned out to see them off and wish them good luck.

"I think we are on the final trail at last, Kate," said Lightning as he turned in his saddle and waved his hand to the cheering crowd behind.

Little did either of them think of the terrible adventures and suffering they were doomed to face before they reached the Funeral Mountains.

The Final Trail.

IN order to keep to the real order of this story, it is necessary to go back a little way to the doings of the mysterious woman in white to explain how she happened to be in San Domingo, playing her old part as guardian angel to Lightning Bryce, just when the Coyote had levelled the revolver at the cowboy. When the Mystery Woman dropped from behind the car which Powder Solvang was taking Kate to Chinatown in Los Angeles, the veiled woman got a message to Lightning Bryce which put him on the track of Kate.

Then she went to her cave in the bluff.

Here she found a number of reports waiting for her, and from one of these she learned that Zambleau had again been ordered to kill Lightning Bryce, and that he was on his way to Los Angeles.

Well did the Mystery Woman know that Zambleau would carry out the order even at the cost of his own life.

No one knew better than she that Zambleau dare not return to his tribe without his mission had been accomplished.

"Oh, that I got this message earlier that I might have intercepted Zambleau," she said as she strode up and down the cavern. "I must act at once," she exclaimed as she suddenly stopped in her walk. "There is no time to lose."

She went to another cavern in which were stabled several horses. Saddling one and leading another, she led them out through a secret passage. In the middle of this she stopped to put a pack on the led horse. The pack contained food, a number of disguises, and a quantity of gold.

It had been ready for such an emergency for many months. Once outside the cavern, she mounted and rode away at full gallop. After two hours she stopped, and July 17th, 1920.

let the horse have a breather while she changed the saddle and pack. Then, riding the horse she had led, she continued her journey.

At Los Angeles she rode to a little shack on the outskirts of the town where she met a Chinaman. She gave him a secret sign, and, on being answered, she asked him if he had seen Lightning Bryce and Kate.

The Chinaman nodded.

"They left in quick quick car. Lot men follow on bigger quick, quick car."

He pointed out the road and giving him a piece of gold the Mystery Woman rode on. From the watchman at the quarry she learned of the fights between Lightning Bryce and Powder Solvang and the glad news that Lightning had taken the Indian prisoner into San Domingo.

She was coming to the hotel to see that Zambleau was still secure when she saw the Coyote levelling his gun at Lightning Bryce. Having saved the life of the man she had sworn to guard from injury, the Mystery Woman waited.

She saw Lightning Bryce dash out and a little later saw Zambleau make his escape. Unseen by all, she watched the struggle between the cowboy and the Indian, but when Zambleau escaped by swimming the river, she ran to her horse.

She knew well the trail the Indian would take and galloped back so that she could meet him away from the town.

But as she rode along she kept him in sight.

She had taken the high road so that she could easily follow the movements of Zambleau. He was making straight for the trail she knew he would take, and from where she was she could reach there in half the time it would take him to walk.

Tethering her horse behind a bush she lay flat on the top of the bluff and kept the Indian in sight. Zambleau had no wish to be seen by anybody from the town, and he dodged his way along, taking advantage of every bit of cover he could find.

So intent was he on not being observed from the town side, that he failed to see Powder Solvang and his gang, who laid an ambush for him. Before he knew where he was the Indian was surrounded.

"Blest if it ain't our old friend," said Solvang sarcastically. "It's queer how he sticks to us. Closer than a brother, you might say. Guess he's scouting pretty lively from somebody. Open up, Red man, and tell us where you are going."

Powder Solvang had really no object in stopping the Indian beyond thinking he might get to know what was happening in the town. He had come to the conclusion that Zambleau had a private grudge against Lightning Bryce, and Solvang welcomed anything that might assist him to get rid of the cowboy. But Zambleau knew he held the secret of the treasure in the scrap of paper he had taken from Kate, and his anxiety betrayed him. Unconsciously his hand wandered to the inside pocket as he begged the white man to let him go in peace to his tribe.

"He's hiding something," shouted Solvang. "Get hold of him, boys, and see what it is."

Zambleau struggled desperately, but he was no match for his opponents, and in a few seconds they had got the paper. As Solvang read it his eyes sparkled and when he had finished he gave a wild shout.

"Boys, if this ain't the best hand ever dealt out."

Then he shut his mouth tight. It suddenly struck him that there was no need to share the treasure with the whole of the gang.

"This is a message from Lightning Bryce to the sheriffs all along the line, giving our descriptions. We'd better scatter, boys. We'll meet at the Mexican's shack at Red River canon."

The gang were too scared to question

their leader, and jumping on their horses they rode off.

Solvang had just time to whisper, "Stick to me, Pete," to one of the party, before he dashed away.

Pete Scroggins nodded as he put spurs to his horse, and after he had gone some distance he wheeled and followed Solvang. The latter was waiting for him in a little hollow, and after he had convinced himself that the rest of the gang were far enough away, he told Pete to sit down by his side.

"That was a little bit of bluff on my part, Pete, to get rid of the others. That bit of paper weren't no warning from Lightning Bryce to the sheriffs, but the clue to the hiding-place of the treasure. It's in Kate Arnold's writing and I guess she must have copied it from the knife and string. There weren't no use in letting all the others into this. What do you say?"

Pete Scroggins looked hard at Solvang before replying. He was not a very brainy man, but he could see that if Powder Solvang was willing to do the rest of the gang out of their share of the treasure, he would just as likely do him after he had finished with his services. Still, he was inclined to stick to the side the money was on.

"I allow that were purty smart, Solvang," he said, "but if you could do that double cross on the gang, I was thinking—"

He paused and looked straight at Solvang. The Coyote leader understood. There was no thought of the others in Pete's mind. Only the question of how he would come off at a later stage.

"I was expecting you to say that, and because you have I know you were not in with the others," said Solvang. "The reason I double-crossed the others was because they were going to do it to me. I heard them a few nights back saying how, when we got the treasure, they intended to give me away to the sheriff on the journey back. This they allowed would get them a free pardon for all they had done. From what I gathered from Buck Timmins, you were not in the plot, so I determined to let you share if ever we did get the treasure. Now do you blame me for double-crossing a gang of sneaks like that crowd?"

It was a cunning story, and it took in Pete Scroggins. He held out his hand to Solvang.

"Guess yer played the right card, partner," he said. "Never reckoned they was sich low-downers. It's me an' you together all the time."

"You can trust me," said Solvang. "I never go back on a straight pard, but when a man tries to cross me I reckon he's got to be mighty slick. There's plenty of gold for both of us. In fact, there would have been plenty for the lot had they played straight. Now we'll ride from here, for though that was bluff I put up about the sheriffs, there's not the shadow of a doubt that there's more than one posse looking for us. I know a safe place about ten miles away. There's grub and ammunition in plenty. It was a cache I made when I was last in this part of the country, and I reckon it will come in mighty useful now."

The two men rode on in silence till they came to a chapparal thicket on the top of a hill. Solvang skirted this and rode down the other side, which led to a valley over which a number of prize stock cattle were grazing. There was a ranch house on a slight eminence, and beyond the ranch house a number of horse corrals.

"I reckon that's where we'll get our pack horse from," said Solvang. "The cache isn't far from here."

He struck into a trail behind some high boulders which hid them from view of anybody who might have been watching from the ranch.

This trail led them to a water gully, and into this Solvang guided his horse. About five hundred yards down there was a huge

(Continued on page 25.)

The Funniest Film Faces.

On this page you will see photographs of the six film comedians who received the largest number of votes in our "Choosing the Stars" Competition, in answer to the question, "Who Can Make the Funniest Face On The Screen?" Judging by the comical expressions shown here, our readers were not very far wrong in the decisions at which they arrived. It will be seen that comical Ben Turpin heads the list with over 15,000 votes, while Charlie Chaplin is second with over 6,000 votes.



Charlie Chaplin second with 6,471 votes. Here you see him making one of his funny film faces.



Ben Turpin first with 15,868 votes.



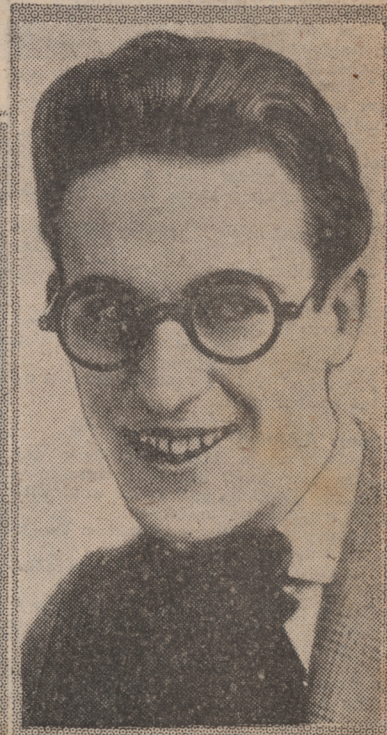
Larry Semon third with 5,842 votes. This popular comedian seems well pleased with the result.



Roscoe Arbuckle fourth with 3,362 votes. Fatty makes us laugh because he is so fat. He is also a clever acrobat. "Laugh and grow fat," says the old adage, but Fatty doesn't need to laugh.



Ford Sterling fifth with 1,895 votes.



Winkle Lloyd sixth with 794 votes. Winkle does not rely on any make-up to make us laugh. His only disguise is a pair of horn glasses.

July 17th, 1920.



Pars that Please and Puzzle



Getting At It.

Schoolmaster: "What is your father?"
New Boy: "Dead."
Schoolmaster: "No; what was he?"
New Boy: "Buried."
Schoolmaster: "No; before that, I mean?"
New Boy: "Alive, sir."

Poor Pa's Watch.

Marion, who had been taught to report her misdeeds promptly, came to her mother one day sobbing penitently.
"Mother, I—I broke a tile in the fireplace!"
"Well, that isn't very hard to remedy. But how on earth did you do it, child?"
"I dropped father's watch on it," was the reply.

The Reason.

He was limping down the street with an arm in a sling and both eyes in mourning.
"What's the matter?" queried a friend. "Motor-car accident?"
"No," replied the other sadly. "I met a boy who couldn't take a joke."

Taking Him Down.

A rather loudly dressed "gentleman" stepped into a big necktie shop the other day, and, in an imperious tone, uttered the one word:

"Neckties!"
Then he threw back his head as if the assistants were entirely beneath his notice.

This snobbish air aggravated the assistant, but he quietly displayed a number of the latest patterns.

"These," he said politely, "are the very newest styles, and are excellent quality at a shilling."

"A shilling!" haughtily snapped the customer. "A shilling! Do I look like a man who would wear a shilling tie? Is there anything about me to indicate that?"

"Beg pardon, sir!" meekly interposed the assistant. "The sixpenny counter is at the other end of the shop!"

A Method in His Madness.

Mother: "You seem to be very good friends with the chemist's boy now. You always used to be fighting with him."

Jimmie: "Yes. He gets all the pills we want for our pistols."

Simple Addition.

On a certain rather thundery day mother and father had to go into town for some shopping, and Willie went with them, carrying the umbrellas.

As they got off the tram mother turned to her small son and said:

"I hope you've got all the umbrellas, Willie."

"Yes, rather, mother," he said cheerfully. "I started with three, and now I've got five."

Of Course.

"I say, old chap," said the youthful cinema artiste, "did you hear about that awful business at the post office?"

"No," said his companion. "What was it?"

"Not about that man being given the sack?"

"No. Whatever for?"

"Oh, just to put the letters in, of course!"

July 17th, 1920.

Do You Know—

Which has the hardest life of it—coffee or tea?
Tea; for while coffee can settle down, tea is compelled to draw.

Why are birds sometimes upset in the morning?

Because their little bills are all overdue (over dew).

What sort of a dog should a jeweller have?

A watch dog, of course.

Not George Washington.

Father had been looking for Georgie for quite a long time, and found him at last in a corner of the garden.

"George," demanded father, "have you touched any of those pears I left on the sideboard?"

"Pa," replied the lad, "I cannot tell a lie. I haven't touched one."

"Then how is it," said his parent, "that I found three cores in your bedroom, and that there is only one pear left in the dish?"

"Father," said George, with an eye on the garden gate, "that's the one I didn't touch."

He Did His Best.

It was just before the summer holidays, and everyone was thinking of bathing and cricket instead of spelling.

"L-i-double t-l-e," said the teacher to Jim. "not l-i-t-t-l-e. I've told you so often not to repeat the same sound twice, but to say 'double.'"

In the next lesson Jim had to read some poetry, which ran, "Up, up, my love, the sun is shining," and, half asleep as the whole class was, they were startled into life again when they heard Jim read briskly: "Double up, my love, the sun is shining."



Two popular artistes, Colleen Moore and Chic Sale, in a playful scene.

CHARLES RAY at Exercise.

Charles Ray exercises regularly every morning, and is always in fine trim. In the accompanying photographs you see him busy in his gymnasium, and also taking the benefit of the early morning air in the open.



Exercising the arms on the rings.



Preparing for a fencing duel. This is Charlie's favourite pastime.



Developing the chest and arm muscles.

July 17th, 1920.



On the beach at California. A little extra exercise after the before breakfast swim.

The World of Sport

Cricket Championships—Jim Higgins' Future—More Tips for Tennis Players.

ALTHOUGH Yorkshire at the time of writing look as though they possess a side quite capable of retaining their hold on the championship, I do not think that we are likely to see one of those hollow victories which the county of the Broad Acres got so used to when players like Brown and Tunnicliffe were in their prime. This season there are several counties who may well threaten their supremacy. Surrey will, I think, be their chief rivals, in spite of early misfortunes; and their friendly enemies, Lancashire, if they can get the more regular services of Parkin, will be not far out of the running. Kent and Essex should be dangerous, while both Notts and Middlesex are so strong in batting that they will give the bowlers of any county a bad time.

Roy Kilner.

IT is a very curious thing that whenever Yorkshire, at the opening of the season, have looked to be "up against it," some sudden "find" has come along. In my day they were worrying about the end of the great Bobby Peel, when who should come along but Rhodes! In the Lancashire match it looked any odds on the representatives of the Red Rose, when up crops Emmott Robinson, and shows that he is not only a batsman, but a first-rate bowler. We knew a little of Roy before the war, but now all the world will know him, for he will have a great influence on the championship this year.

The "Close Season."

IT is only a very few years ago that, at about this season, the people connected with boxing used to be looking forward to a lull in hostilities. The hot summer months were regarded as the "close season."



R. KILNER.
(Photo: Sport and General.)

Boxing all the Year Round.

NOWADAYS, however, the seasons have very little to do with boxing, which goes on merrily all the year round. The best men in the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force settle their differences in the hot days of June, and follow these contests up by meeting the Frenchmen. Two European championships are settled in the month of June as well, and other big bouts are pending as I write these lines. Little Jim Higgins has not let his defeat by Ledoux stop his training. After a short rest, which he needed badly after that terrific slog at Holland Park, he is at it again. Our bantam champion, it must be remembered, is only at the beginning of his career as a fighting man, and too much importance must not be attached to his defeat by the Frenchman.

Jim Higgins' Future.

I HAVE always told you that it is never too early for a boy to start boxing, provided that he is learning under a man who knows what he is trying to teach. But it is often very unwise for a boy to try to take on too much at first. It is apt to dishearten him, and perhaps spoil a style and a spirit which might have carried him to big honours later on. This might have happened to Higgins had he not been possessed of the real fighting temperament—a temperament which will come up again and again under defeat. Ledoux, after that gruelling fight, practically admitted to a friend of mine that Higgins was the better boxer. That is a great thing for a champion to say about an opponent, and it should give us hope that at some future date Jim will reverse the verdict. He will gain in strength and experience for a long time to come.



RHODES.
(Photo: Topical Press.)

TENNIS FOR BEGINNERS No. 4.—NEW IDEAS. BE READY FOR SURPRISES.

WHEN I started to learn lawn tennis—well, no matter how many years ago—all the people who knew anything about the game agreed that it was impossible for a player to reach first-class form under ten years practice. That idea held good for years, but the play of some of our young boys and girls is rapidly killing it. Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, it is true, has played ever since she could hold a racquet; but at the Middlesex Championships at Chiswick the other day I saw quite a number of young players who would have run well into the real championships in the lean years of lawn tennis. Miss P. L. Howkins, who told me that she had entered for the championship at Wimbledon, may very soon prove a serious danger to the French girl who made such a sensation last year; and the form which some of the boys showed gave me hope that the time is not far distant when we may see the championships and the Davis Cup back in this country.

Don't Neglect to Follow Up.

WHILE I have been watching some of the young players who are taking part in the championships, I have noticed that they generally make their mistakes when they are volleying. If you get in a good fast service, which keeps your opponent well on his own base line, don't hesitate to follow it up. If you have studied my instructions, and "followed through" with your stroke, you should be well into your stride towards the net. But once you have decided to follow up, do not hesitate for even a fraction of a second, or you give your opponent a free gift of the rally. Go right in, or stay back, and pick your time to do both. The boy who tries to volley everything at the net will lose against any steady player. I know how tempting it is to dash in and finish your man off with one swipe, but if it is not coming off at least four times out of five you are playing the wrong game.

July 17th, 1920.

Not so Very Easy.

THE smash, as we call it, looks the simplest stroke in lawn tennis, but the next time you watch a game between players who are not first-class, just notice how many times they put the easiest smashes into the net or out of the court. You feel such a mug, too, when what is intended to be the final killing stroke smashes into the net, and you have lost a point which you had well won. The smash, then, is worth practising on its own. Get a friend to lob high balls to you at the net, and do not be satisfied until you can place your smash as well as hit it with force. Very often it is not necessary to hit with all your strength, as the ball can be rendered quite unplayable with a moderate shot out of your opponent's reach. But where force is necessary, don't hesitate to use it. The day of pat-ball is over.

Returning the Service.

AGAINST a man who really knows the game, the return of the service is the most difficult stroke of the game. I always carry my racquet on my backhand to be ready for surprises, and try to place the ball either across him with a short shot, or past him with a long baseliner. Let me give you a tip here about your own service. I generally find that boys are fond of the cross-court service, but it is often not the best. When your opponent is in his right-hand court—you will be serving from your own right into the opposite left-hand court—whip one or two down the centre line, on to his backhand, and take the chance of going up and smashing what is likely to be a weak return. If you have been serving cross-court most of the time, it will be certain to take him by surprise. I have seen many a hard-fought game won by this shot.

ALL ROUNDER.

The Adventures of Wellington Haigh

No. 2.—The Night-rider.

Another Case.

"AM coming down by mid-day train. Meet me.—Uncle Simon." This telegram was handed to Wellington Haigh as he sat pondering over the Pythagorus theorem in the Upper Sixth study of his school in Kent.

Haigh read it, smiled, took it to the Head, and received instant permission to meet the train.

Five minutes afterwards he was whizzing along the quiet country lanes on his DX 5 motor cycle of 7 h.p., at a speed which would have cost him quite a lot of money in fines had the village constable been so unsporting as to have taken official notice.

It was the last word in motor bikes he was riding, and could do 45 m.p.h. on the lowest gear, and uphill at that. Punctual to time he met Uncle Simon alighting from the train.

"Hallo, you young Sherlock Holmes of a rascal!" cheerily greeted his uncle. "I suppose you know that I have brought you down another 'case'?"

"I rather expected it, uncle, by your wire," replied Wellington, "and I can tell you it's jolly welcome. Is it easier than the Pythagorus? I've been studying that all the morning."

"Easier? There's an answer to that theorem, but I'm not so certain that there's an answer to the problem I'm going to set you."

"But," Uncle Simon went on, in graver tones, "I'm worried. There is a man going about on a high-powered motor cycle stealing large quantities of precious stones from county houses. Once or twice he has been chased, but nobody can hold him on that bike of his. He simply walks away from them."

"Now, I'll tell you another secret. There were only two bikes like his made. They were made to the design of a mad motorist, and cost more to make than they would sell for. They are wonderful machines. This thief has one and you have got the other."

"Really, uncle, I am surprised," replied Wellington. "I knew the bike you sent me was a beauty, but I had no idea she was so good as that."

"Well, my boy, she is. She's wonderful. What can you do with it?"

"I've done sixty-five, I am afraid," laughed Haigh.

"Well, she will do ninety easily—if you know how," replied Uncle Simon.

"I really don't think so, uncle," earnestly replied Wellington, "because I'm afraid I've run her full out. The village bobby is a pal of mine, you see."

"Wait a minute, my boy. I'll show you here?"

"Yes."

"Well, see this little screw let into the side?"

"Yes."

"That communicates with a small cylinder hidden in the tube. One turn of that screw liberates a secret liquid which, when sucked down into the cylinders, causes a much more powerful explosion

than a mixture of petrol and air could ever make. I didn't tell you of it because I didn't want you to use it. Anyhow, that is how the thief escapes, and we have reason to believe that he is hidden in this locality. I can tell you no more. We don't know who he is, where he came from, where he goes. All we know is that he robs big houses of jewellery and disappears."

"Wonderful!" replied Wellington. "I thought you would think so! Would you like to take the job on? I don't think your luck will be in like it was last time!" And Uncle Simon laughed.

"I'll have a shot gladly!" replied Wellington.

The Phonograph Record.

WELLINGTON HAIGH for the next day or two shunned his fellows—except for his two best pals, Ted Parbury and Harry Sinclair, to whom he confided the fact that he had been "struck scientific." He said he was interested in acoustics, and coaxed them to take a big phonograph up to the top of a neighbouring hill, there to wait for him.

Wondering, but not questioning, the two lads did as they were asked. A few minutes afterwards Wellington thundered up on his big motor cycle, drew a blank phonograph cylinder from his pocket, and announced that he was going to make a record of his motor engine running at full speed.

He put the cycle on the stand and started the engine. It made a thunderous noise.

"You fellows turn your back for a jiffy, and don't start making the record yet," said Haigh.

He then stooped down, gave half a turn to something near the induction pipe. Then a miracle occurred! The engine increased its revolutions to an alarming degree, and the noise almost ceased. It was simply a hum!

"What have you done to it?" asked Harry, in amazement.

"No questions, young fellow my lad—yet," smiled Wellington. "Please make the record."

This was done in a few minutes, and all three boys walked back to school.

Later, "Sparks," as the science master was nicknamed lovingly by the boys, was very flattered when Haigh called into his study to ask for information about acoustics.

"I have a record here, sir," he said blandly, "of a high-speed engine, and was wondering if we could rig up a kind of detectaphone like the navy had to catch German submarines with, so that it could be tuned up to reproduce no other sound except those made by this engine."

"Sparks" was flattered, and he and Wellington sat up half the night producing such an instrument. When it was finished it looked like a complicated gramophone.

"There you are," said the science master at last, "you've got a machine there which will record no sound unless it is made by the high-powered engine you talk about or one exactly like it."

"Thank you, sir," gravely replied Haigh.

The First Experiment.

LATE next evening a stealthy form could have been seen emerging from an open window, carrying a parcel like a gramophone.

It was Haigh. Quickly and quietly he mounted a neighbouring hill, set the machine out, and waited, watch in hand.

There was not a sound. Then at two o'clock the machine suddenly began to drone. The sounds became louder and louder, and gradually died away.

While the droning was proceeding Haigh pointed the horn in the direction from which the biggest volume of sound proceeded, and when the sound ceased he found that the horn, which was fixed south, had travelled in an arc and was due north. The time taken was fourteen minutes.

Haigh then packed his machine up, and crept back to bed.

The next morning Wellington was again out early on the motor bike. He rode into Ashboro', the nearest market town, and sent the following telegram to his uncle:

"The man you want lives at Nestledown, a village near here. I expect there was another robbery early this morning at Minstead, a place about fourteen miles from here.—Wellington Haigh."

Anybody looking at a map of Kent would have seen that Nestledown was about fourteen miles south of the school and Minstead was fourteen miles north of the school, and the hill upon which Wellington had spent the previous night was mid-way between those two places.

The End of the Story.

TWO days later, while the Sixth was at "prep," the Head sent for Haigh and told him that his uncle was waiting to see him in the reception-room.

Wellington hurried to greet his uncle, and was greeted by the words:

"Well, Sherlock, you seem to have scored off your old uncle again. That wire you sent me was right. There had been a robbery at Thurlow Hall, and jewels to the value of several thousands of pounds were stolen."

"I then went to Nestledown, and took a dozen men with me."

"We soon came upon the track of the villain, who was known there as 'The Night Rider,' because he frequently took long rides in the dead of night."

"I felt sure that was our man. We surrounded his house."

"He tried to make a fight for it, but I had him covered with my pistol before he could move. And, what is more to the point, we searched the house and found £84,000 worth of diamonds stowed away; all stolen stuff. Good, eh? And now, young feller," said his uncle, "do you mind telling me how it was done?"

"Certainly, Uncle Simon," replied Wellington. "It was very simple. You yourself gave me the clue."

"I?"

"Yes! You remember that you told me that the thief had one bike and I had another like it, and those were the only

July 17th, 1920.

two made. Well, I said to myself, if there are two motor bikes alike, and no more have been made, the noise of the engines should be similar and unlike that of any other machine. That set me thinking. I remembered the submarine detectaphone which was invented during the war. That was an instrument like a big gramophone, which would give a warning to the look-out when a German submarine was approaching the land, by vibration. The vibration of a submarine is different from anything else, and when a certain sound was heard in the instrument the watchers knew that a Hun vessel was coming along. I thought if I got a machine something like that, and tuned it up by my engine, I could go out listening for your thief. I knew if he were within forty miles I should hear him by means of the machine. I was lucky again, that's all! The very first night I was out I heard the noise of his bike. It started suddenly from the south, so I concluded that he lived about there, and had got on to his machine somewhere near Nestledown. When the bike proceeded north the sounds gradually died away, so I thought he had some distance to go. I looked up the map, and found Ashboro' was probably his destination, as there are several big houses round there. Then I wired to you—and you did the rest."

"Good boy!" cried Uncle Simon, patting Haigh on the back. "You are a great detective! Now, I've got a hamper here; let's treat the Sixth to a dormitory feed!"

And he did.

[Another fine adventure of the boy detective next week.]

Answers to Correspondents.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an immediate answer by post. Address: The Editor, BOYS' CINEMA, The Fleetway House, Room 33, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

From "Down Under."

I was pleased to get your letter, G. W. T. (Melbourne), and was interested in your account of Australian film productions. None of those you mention have been shown over here as yet, but they may be later on. You ask, why should not this paper become the most popular for boys in the British Empire? Indeed, why not? Let every reader, in no matter what part of the Empire he is, do his "bit" by recommending the B. C. to his friends.

Charlie's Million Dollar Laughs.

"Colin" (Sheffield).—So far there have been four of the million dollar films released. The first one was "A Dog's Life," followed by "Shoulder Arms," "Sunnyside," and "A Day's Pleasure." I understand that Charlie Chaplin has four more to produce under his contract, and the fifth of the series will be coming along shortly.

Some George Walsh Films.

Welcome, "Janet" (Manchester), and don't imagine you are bothering me. You appear to have seen several of George Walsh's films, and here are the others he has also acted in: "Brave and Bold," "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal," "On to Berlin," "The Kid is Clever," "For Luck and Pluck," "Never say Quit," "Help, Help Police," and "The Beast." Some of these, I might mention, were shown in 1918, so I don't suppose you will see them now.

In "Mikey."

You are another shy one, "Billie" (Birmingham), who must not be afraid to give your other name—not for publication, of course. No, your friend is wrong. It was not Norma Talmadge, but Mabel Normand in "Mikey," and with her were Lew Cody and Wheeler Oakman.

"Better Every Week."

I am glad this is your opinion of this paper, Joe (Lees), and that Bil Hart's talks on his own page contain so much interesting information. No, "The Fighting Duffer" has not been filmed. In "The Rainbow Trail," William Farnum played the dual roles of Lassiter and Sheford, and Ann Forrest supported him.

PARS ABOUT PICTURE PLAYERS

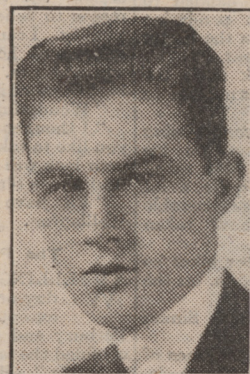
A Costly Shave.

ONE POUND for a shave is expensive, even in these days of high prices. But that was what Buster Keaton's shave cost in a coming film, "The New Henrietta," in which Carol Holloway plays the leading part.

Soap lather couldn't be used, because when the tonsorial artist got busy with the razor off came Buster's make-up as well as the soap. The director finally hit upon whipped cream as a substitute.

Enough double cream, cost 15s.—1s. to have it whipped at a nearby restaurant—4s. for a professional barber, totalling £1, explains the cost.

Buster, reclining in a chair in his well-appointed bedroom, sat with a steaming towel around his head, looking the picture of comfort, and licked the delectable shaving lotion from his lips as fast as the barber applied it. This was one of Buster's good days, he says.



Ralph Bushman, son of Francis X. Bushman, whom we shall see in the coming Goldwyn picture "Empire Builders."

The Trick Cigar.

THERE is a tense scene in a coming Tom Mix picture, in which the famous cowboy star has to smoke a long black cigar in a deliberate fashion. The scene was a very difficult one, and there had been numerous rehearsals, so that, when the final photographs were being taken, everybody was doing their best to prevent any slip in the action that would compel the retaking of the scene.

Suddenly Mix felt a shock. The cigar he was smoking was violently jerked, and almost fell out of his mouth. He gripped it firmly between his teeth, resolved that he would go through with the scene at all costs. Again and again the cigar acted in an uncanny fashion, till Mix began to think the scene would never end.

When it was over the misbehaviour of

the cigar was explained by the fact that a trick cigar, to be used on another set by a Fox Sunshine comedian, had been substituted for Mix's cigar.

Insured in Parts.

BY the way, do you know that Tom is insured for £60,000 against dangers incident for his dare-devil work for the screen?

After receiving flat refusals from several companies, Mix discovered three large concerns, which would insure him in sections, each section for £20,000 at high premiums. Here is how the insurers parcelled him out among them:

Head.—Insured for £20,000. Annual premium, £240.

Torso.—Insured for £20,000. Annual premium, £350.

Legs.—Insured for £20,000. Annual premium, £380.

To learn why the insurance men fixed annual premiums of £970 on Mix's insurance, one need not go further than his Fox production, "Rough Riding Romance." In that film he catches a flying express train by roping a ventilator pipe on one of the coaches, while tearing alongside on his horse Tony, and then pulls himself aboard. He rides Tony up six flights of a fire escape, and up and down the main stairway of a palace.

Can You Beat This?

THE person who knows most about moving pictures should surely be Jack Jordan, who lives in Corington, Kentucky, and claims that he has averaged seven shows a week for ten years.

He says he saw the first moving picture ever screened, and would walk five miles, any day, to see Charlie Chaplin. Jordan says his favourite actor is Tom Mix.

Can any of my readers claim a better record?



Ruth Roland winning good luck on a horseshoe she has just found. Ruth is a great favourite with all the cowboys. They call her "Miss Ruth."

A Simple One-Week Competition!

£10 IN CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE £5—SECOND PRIZE £2—and 12 Prizes of 5/- each.



JIMMY AUBREY.

Twelve Prizes of 5s. will be given to those sending the next best attempts.

Splendid Money Prizes.

This week the Editor will award splendid money prizes totalling £10 to the winners in a single competition.

All You Have To Do.

Take the words JIMMY AUBREY, and by using ANY THREE LETTERS in the name, make up a phrase of three words:

Thus, if you used the letters A, A, Y, you could say ALWAYS AMUSES YOUNGSTERS; or M, U, M, you could say MOST UNUSUAL MOUSTACHE.

Remember, the three letters you use must be contained in the name Jimmy Aubrey, although you can use them in which order you like. You can use the same letter twice, or for all three of your words if you like.

Fill in The Coupon.

Below you will find a coupon, which you must fill in with your name and address, and the phrase you have made up. Then put it in an envelope and post it to "Word-Making Competition, Boys' Cinema, Gough House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, E.C. 4."

You must post your coupon to arrive not later than July 21st.

The Prizes.

The First Prize of £5 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the best sentence; Second Prize, £2; and

Read These Rules Carefully.

Readers may send as many attempts as they please, but each must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or mislaid, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor's solution for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding, and entries are only accepted on this express condition.

No letters must be enclosed with efforts.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

YOU MUST FILL IN THIS COUPON.

BOYS' CINEMA COMPETITION:
JIMMY AUBREY COUPON
 CLOSING DATE OF COMPETITION—JULY 21st.

My sentence is:

Name

Address

Another £10 Competition Next week.

WINNERS IN THE WESLEY BARRY COMPETITION IN OUR JUNE 12th ISSUE.

In this competition the First Prize of £5 for the best sentence sent in has been awarded to:

CLAUDE BUCKLE,
 28, King Street,
 Wolverhampton.
 Sentence: "Best" when "worst."

The Second Prize of £2 for the next best has been awarded to:

WALTER G. RAWLINSON,
 4, Eastbourne Road,
 West Ham, Stratford, E. 15.
 Sentence: Evidently "Silver-spooned."

The twelve prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following competitors:

Miss Ella D. Hart-Bailey, Leeds; James Munro, Glasgow; Charles Smith, Dundee; Hugh E. Roberts, Tal-y-Tarn, Carn.; Wm. Bland, West Bridgford, Notts; Pte. J. Bough, Dover; J. J. Warring, Blackburn; Ronald L. Stewart, Clapham, S.W. 4; Leonard B. Phillips, Haverfordwest; Miss Annie Douglas, Old Bailey, E.C.; George Gricks, East Ham; Victor Cox, Thornton Heath.

LIGHTNING BRYCE.

(Continued from page 18.)

left in the rocks on the ranch side of the gully, big enough to allow the horses to pass. The path was rough and steep, and by the look of it had never been used, but Solvang pushed on as if certain of the way.

Presently he disappeared and Pete Scroggins shouted out in alarm.

"All serene," yelled back Solvang.

"Turn at the top and you'll see." When Scroggins got to the place where Solvang had disappeared he saw the solution of the mystery. The trail turned at right angles into a big cavern large enough to hide a company of soldiers. There was light coming from the outside enough to show the way in, but after a few steps all was darkness.

"Hold your horse while I get a light," shouted Solvang.

In a few moments he came back with a pine torch and taking the bridle of Pete's horse he told his companion to follow him.

Turning to the left, he entered another cavern, and when he had set the torch in the wall Pete saw it was almost as large as the outer one. The floor was covered with fine sand and was perfectly dry.

On some rough shelves made by boulders Pete saw a quantity of tinned provisions, arms, and ammunition, and bottles of wine or spirits.

"Nobody's been here since I left it," said Solvang, looking round. "Did you ever come across a better burrow to hide in?"

"She's sure some cave," agreed Pete admiringly. "Guess no sheriff's posse won't nose us out of this."

"I used it once when I was being hunted for running cattle over the border," explained Solvang. "Just look at the fireplace. That's the big ace in the whole outfit."

He walked to a hole in the side of the cavern, and pulled out an oil stove.

"This don't give any smoke clouds away," he said with a grin. "Once I was here ten days, and at last the posse left the gulch. They argued, I heard after, that if I'd been anywhere around I'd have had to come out for food. And I'd got enough food to last me a month."

He got out some bacon and beans which he cooked on the stove, and then boiled some water for coffee. In a very few minutes there was an appetising meal ready, to which the outlaws did full justice. After this they lit their pipes and smoked while Solvang outlined his plans.

"You can bet that Lightning Bryce has got those directions in his head," said the Coyote leader. "The thing we've got to do is to get there first, or, failing that, get him coming back with the treasure. He may take a band with him, but somehow I don't think he will. Anyway, I'm hoping that we shall be first. If so, I know a trail that will keep us out of his way till we get clear. There's a man in 'Frisco that will take all the gold at a good price and ask no questions, and when I get my share I reckon the Wild West will know me no more."

As soon as they had finished their pipes they began to pack up food, blankets, and ammunition. They also took plenty of empty cans for water, for, as Solvang explained, once they got into the desert they would have to rely on the water they could carry. Having arranged them in the form of a pack, they placed additional burdens ready to be carried by their own horses. Then they waited till night and, muffling the hoofs of their horses with blankets they stole out of the cavern. Leaving the animals well away from the ranch, they crept up to the horse corrals and took a horse to carry their pack. And while the people in the ranch slept on, the two outlaws set out on the trail to Funeral Mountains.

(To be continued.)

July 17th, 1920.

Round the World with Your Editor

Address all letters: Editor "BOYS' CINEMA," Room 83, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

My dear Chums.—Next week's issue of your favourite paper will be a record one in every way, and you must not miss this number, whatever you do. As usual, there will be a large number of thrilling photographs, and of especial interest will be those showing how Major Jack Allen traps wild animals. Major Allen is a well-known big game hunter, but instead of shooting his prey in the usual way he catches them alive, unaided by any weapons. Next week, also, there will be the life story of Hoat Gibson, the famous cowboy of Universal City, and many wonderful photographs will illustrate this interesting instalment of "Lightning Bryce," and "The Call of the Wild West," and my splendid, long complete stories will be other features of interest in next week's BOYS' CINEMA.

8,000 Years Old.

SOME time ago a very interesting discovery was made in Russia. A Cossack had learned from the natives that a gigantic animal with huge tusks had been found embedded in the ice on the Beresovska. From the description given, it seemed probable that the animal was a mammoth, and two naturalists at once went to investigate. The animal is now in the Russian capital. Although it is estimated to be 8,000 years old, the skeleton is in wonderfully good preservation, as is also the hairy covering of the skin. The scientists had many troubles to endure during their investigations. The country was an extremely difficult one; mosquitoes swarmed, and in the dangerous swamps it happened more than once that a Cossack and a horse disappeared without leaving a trace behind them. At last the party reached their destination, and found, to their satisfaction, the huge beast resting in an almost horizontal position.

Frozen Fast.

PROBABLY it had stumbled when grazing and fallen into a crevasse. The fore-legs, especially the left one, were much bent, which showed that, when attempting to recover itself, the animal's body had proved too heavy, the hind legs slipped underneath it, and it became frozen fast. Thus the beast perished, and has ever since lain undisturbed beneath the layer of earth which, in the course of ages, formed above the ice, until at length the warmth of the sun exposed it to the light. It was necessary to remove the remains before the advent of spring, otherwise it would have been too late.

Wild animals had already begun to tear at the flesh, and to preserve the remains on the spot was impossible, as a body which has lain for so long in the ice decomposes with greater rapidity when exposed to the air. It was therefore determined to divide it into several parts, forwarding each in a frozen state and putting it together afterwards.

A hut with a stove in it was constructed over the mammoth, and as the ice gradually melted the portion thus released was removed and duly prepared for transit. The entire process of excavation occupied two months. The legs and feet resemble those of an elephant, except that the latter has three toes, the mammoth five. The hair is of a brownish-yellow colour, and is so long and thick that its owner could hardly have felt cold in any temperature, however low.

Blood was found in the body, and in the mouth there were remains of food, on which the marks of the teeth were impressed. The contents of the stomach

were enormous, and in quite a fresh state. In spite of the difficulties of the journey, all the various portions were conveyed without injury or loss to Petrograd.

Getting Colder.

IT is believed by scientists that the climate of China is growing much colder and dryer as the years go on. One proof of this is the fact that animals and plants accustomed to hot, moist regions are gradually retreating southward. Some two thousand years ago, it was known that the bamboo tree flourished in many forests of North China, but this tree, which only exists in hot climates, can no longer be found there.

An Alarming Experience.

HOW would you like to wake up one morning and find a leopard in your bedroom? This is, however, the alarming sort of experience which sometimes happens to people in certain districts of India. A traveller reported that in a hut at a certain village, a leopard made a hole in the wall and entered. Inside the hut there were sleeping one or two natives.

The leopard seized one of the natives by the throat and attempted to drag him out. But the hole through which the leopard tried to drag him was too small, and when the fierce animal let go of its victim's throat for a minute he was able to scream, and thus succeeded in waking up the other sleeper in the hut. The men rushed out with the first weapons they could lay their hands on, and hit the animal fiercely, who had by now succeeded in dragging the man outside. The scared leopard let go his hold and fled away to the jungle, but the man certainly had a narrow escape.

YOUR EDITOR.

By UNCLE TOM.

HOW TO MAKE THINGS.

HOW TO MAKE A CAMP. No. 1.

A FEW days ago two of my nephews, who hail from the Wolverhampton district, told me that they wanted to go for a canoe holiday. They also asked me to tell them how to make a canoe. I should imagine that their ages were somewhere about fourteen years, and my advice to them, and most of my nephews, is "Don't. Leave canoes alone."

Canoes are all very well for people who understand them, but few people do. As a rule they are rickety craft, and most certainly they are not the kind of vessel in which I should advise my nephews to embark if they want to have a water holiday.

What they should go in for is a broad-beamed boat which won't capsize. These can always be hired for a reasonable sum—if you have it to spare.

But why not spend a holiday by the water instead of on it? It is much cheaper, and far less dangerous. If you would like that, I will give you an idea of how to spend two or three days in a little camp of your own making, just like real men. Only be sure that when you are going to do it that the weather is good. Camping out when the weather is wet is really terrible. It generally ends with wet shirts and colds in the head. Now let us imagine that three chaps have decided to camp out from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, and that pocket-money is not too plentiful.

Most boys begin by arranging a long list of things which they are sure they cannot do without. This is the wrong way to start. The way to set about the expedition is to commence with the intention of taking nothing, and then work up from that.

Now the two important things to remember is that while you are away you must eat and sleep. Therefore make your arrangements from that point. To sleep in, you must have a tent similar to that I showed you some time ago. For those who have forgotten, I will say that it is a triangular piece of canvas, which is stretched over a rope running from a peg in the ground, and attached to a tree branch, the entrance to be away from the wind. You will see in the diagram what I mean.

That settles the sleeping problem quite nicely. If you have a waterproof ground-sheet, take it. The next question is very July 17th, 1920.

important. It is food and utensils. Every fellow should have an enamelled plate and cup, and a folding combination knife, fork and spoon. That can be carried in the pocket. You will also want a frying-pan, and any old clean tin or can which will hold a quart of water and not leak when placed upon the fire.

We have now secured nearly all the gear we shall want, and nothing else matters to make the trip a huge success except plenty of good temper. Good temper is the prime necessity for a successful camp. Don't rag each other when something goes wrong, and let everybody do his very best, and the affair will be most enjoyable. There is another very important matter which must be attended to, and that is dress.

Clothes for Comfort.

IF you can possibly arrange it, wear flannels all the way through. Boys don't like the idea, I know; but ask your mothers, and they will tell you there is nothing like it for safety and warmth. Wear a flannel coat, shirt and slacks, if you have got them. A stout pair of boots with plenty of room in them, a pair of thick stockings, and a hat with a broad brim, and you are fixed up.

One of the fellows should bring a piece of yellow soap. That is good to wash with, and handy to rub your feet with if you get sore. Another should bring a couple of towels. All should have a jack knife.

Now we come to the question of the provision of food. If you lived in the Wild West you would, of course, take your rifle and shoot game. But, unfortunately, you don't. Take sufficient food to last one day only. A loaf of new bread, some tea and sugar mixed up in a small tin or a screw of paper, and some pepper and salt, also mixed. These will go in your waistcoat pocket.

We also want something easy to cook. I have always found that the best thing to cook, and by far the easiest, is rashed bacon. If mother will give you some jam, all the better, if you don't mind carrying it; or a piece of cheese.

Next week I will tell you what to do after you have set off for the journey.

WRIGLEY'S

3 FLAVOURS

6 BARS
IN EVERY PACKET NOW
but the same price

PER 3d PKT.
3d
1/2d. PER BAR

HURRAH! Boys, here's good news.

WRIGLEY'S are now GIVING AN EXTRA BAR in every 3d. Packet.

YES, one Bar "free, gratis and for nothing," at the old price of 3d. per Packet, notwithstanding the huge increase in the cost of sugar.

YOU can keep free from thirst and avoid all mouth-dryness, and keep as fit as a fiddle in the hottest of weather at the small cost of 1/2d. for a Bar of WRIGLEY'S that will last you all the day.

A 3d. PACKET OF WRIGLEY'S is the World's Biggest Sweetmeat Value To-day—(1) Longest-lasting, (2) Nicest Flavours, (3) Best for Health and Strength, (4) Unrivalled for the Appetite, and (5) If you like you can make the 3d. Packet of 6 Bars of WRIGLEY'S last a whole week.

Try a 3d. Packet To-day.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

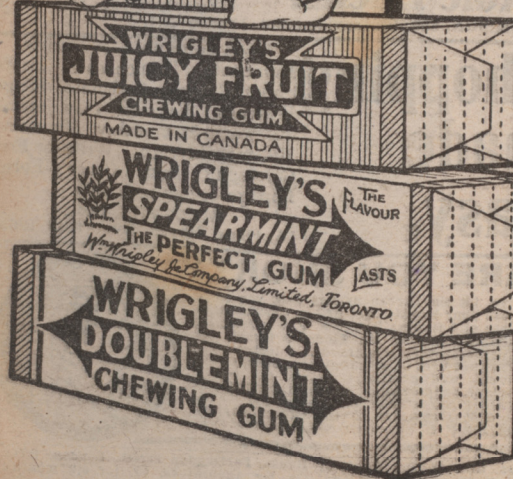
SEALED TIGHT — KEPT RIGHT

The Flavour Lasts

WRIGLEY'S, Ltd.,

235, Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.1.

July 17th, 1920.



The Flavour of Crushed Ripe Fruit

Mint Leaf Flavour

The Flavour of Crème de Menthe

IS YOUR HAIR FULL OF "SUNSHINE"?

Try This Experiment at Your Dressing Table.

1,000,000 "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" LIQUID SUNSHINE GIFTS.

HERE is an experiment that will tell you if your hair is really healthy: and beauty of your hair in the Presentation "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit that will be sent to you simply for the asking. They are:

Stand before a window and hold up a mirror so that your head is between the mirror and the light. Then look at the reflection of your hair in the mirror. Is it full of light, or is it dull?

If dull, without radiance, then you need to look to your hair. You should apply at once for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene" Liquid Sunshine-of-Health for the Hair Gifts now being distributed free of cost to all who would like to cultivate healthy and beautifully radiant heads of hair.

For every truly healthy head of hair displays a halo-like radiance, no matter what the colour—fair, brunette, or black. The hair that looks dull and lustreless lacks its chief charm. It is all too likely that it is "lifeless," and without elasticity. It hangs limp and lacks the enchanting curl or wave that imparts "the curve of beauty" to the hair.

FOUR PRIME AIDS TO HAIR HEALTH AND BEAUTY—FREE.

Yet the hair is of all parts of the body the most responsive to proper health-cultural conditions.

Write for one of the 1,000,000 Presentations "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits, and see how marvellously quickly your hair will pick up health and beauty.

There are four prime aids to the health



A HEALTH AND BEAUTY TEST FOR YOUR HAIR
Read this article for instructions for an interesting test to see if your hair is full of "The Sunshine of Health."

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brillantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of instruction.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brillantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 2d. each) from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.
Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-fold Hair-Growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.
Boys' Cinema, 17/7/20.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post it as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

HEIGHT INCREASED IN 30 DAYS 5/- Complete Course.

No Appliances. No Drugs. No Dieting. The Melvin Strong System NEVER FAILS. Send stamp for particulars and testimonials—Melvin Strong, Ltd. (Dept. E.), 24, Southwark St., S.E.



NICKEL SILVER WATCHES

DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT OF



2/- ONLY. YOU HAVE WATCH WHILST PAYING FOR IT.

Gent's full-size Railway-timekeeping Keyless Lever Watch. Stout Nickel Silver or Oxidised Damp and Dustproof cases, plain dial, perfectly balanced superior Lever movement, splendid timekeeper. Price for either pocket or wrist, 15/- each. Luminous dial (see time in dark). 2/- extra. Ladies' Chain or Wrist, 2/- extra.

WE will send either of these watches on receipt of P.O. for 2/-. After receiving watch you send us a further 2/-, and promise to pay the remaining 11/- by weekly or monthly instalments. For cash with order enclose 14/- only. Five years' warranty given with every watch. To avoid disappointment send 2/- and 6d. extra postage at once. No unpleasant inquiries. All orders executed in rotation.

THE LEVER WATCH CO. (M. Dept.),
42a, STOCKWELL GREEN, LONDON, S.W.9.

CURLY HAIR "My bristles were made curly in a few days," writes R. Welch. "Curly" curls straightest hair, 1/5, 2/6 (2d. stamps accepted).—SUMMERS, (Dept. A.P.), 81, Upper Russell Street, Brighton.

CUT THIS OUT

"Boys' Cinema." PEN COUPON. Value 2d. Send this coupon with P.O. for only 5/- direct to the Fleet Pen Co., 119, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. In return you will receive (post free) a splendid British Made 14-ct. Gold Nibbed Fleet Fountain Pen, value 10/6. If you save 12 further coupons each will count as 2d. off the price; so you may send 13 coupons, and only 3/-. Say whether you want a fine, medium, or broad nib. This great offer is made to introduce the famous Fleet Pen to Boys' Cinema readers. (Foreign postage extra.) Satisfaction guaranteed or cash returned. Special Safety Model, 2/- extra.

Printed and Published every Wednesday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Limited, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Subscription Rates: Inland, 13s. per annum; 6s. 6d. for six months. Advertisement Offices: The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Abroad, 11s. per annum; 5s. 6d. for six months. Sole Agents for South Africa: The Central News Agency, Limited. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Limited. and for Canada: The Imperial News Co., Limited. Registered for transmission to Canada at magazine rates.



15 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works. LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS. Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles. Tyres and Accessories at popular Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, Incorpd.
Dept. B607, BIRMINGHAM.

STRENGTHEN YOUR NERVES Nervousness deprives you of employment, pleasures, and many advantages in life. If you wish to prosper and enjoy life, strengthen your nerves, and regain confidence in yourself by using the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. Used by Vice-Admiral to Seaman, Colonel to Private, D.S.O.'s, M.C.'s, M.M.'s, and D.C.M.'s. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars.—GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 827, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4.

PHOTO POSTCARDS, 1/3 doz., 12 by 10 ENLARGEMENTS, 8d. ALSO CHEAP PHOTO MATERIAL. CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES FREE.—HACKETT'S, JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

BE TALL MY HEIGHT IS 6 FT. 3 INS. Increase YOUR height by the ROSS SYSTEM, price 7/6, complete. Particulars 2d. stamps. F. ROSS, 16, Langdale Road, Scarborough.

MAGIC TRICKS, Illusions, etc. Parcels, 2/6, 5/6, and 10/6. Sample Trick 1/-.—T. W. HARRISON, 239 Pentonville Road, London N.1.

Shopping made Easy. Raincoats, Trenchcoats, Boots, Shoes, Cutlery, Costumes, Rings, Watches, &c., on easy terms. 30s. worth 5s. monthly. 60s. worth 10s. monthly, &c. Write for Free Catalogue and Order Form. Foreign orders cash only. MASTERS, Ltd., 15, Hope Street, Rye. (Estd. 1869).

ARE YOU SHORT?

41, so, let the Girvan System help you to increase your height. Mr. Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. E. 3 inches; Mr. Ratcliffe 4 inches; Miss Leedell 4 inches. This system requires only ten minutes morning and evening, and greatly improves the health, physique, and carriage. No appliances or drugs. Send 3 penny stamps for further particulars, and £100 Guarantee to the Girvan System. Dept. A.M.P. 17, Strand Green Rd. London, N.4.



PACKED WITH BOY

TRAPPING WILD

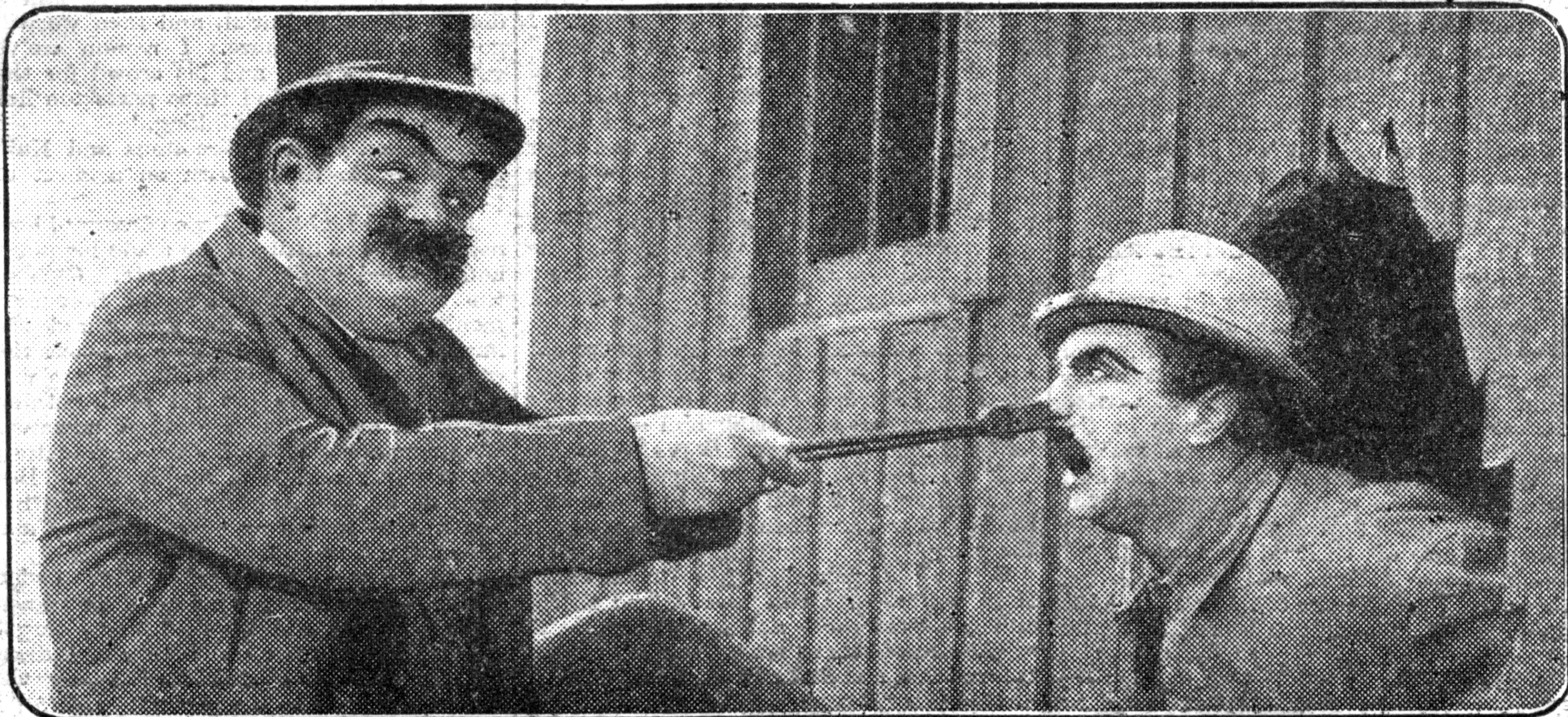
Major Jack Allen is a Hunter, who, instead of Wild Animals, Traps the this picture he is seen Defenceless Doz from the of a Fierce Wolf.



© JCristina LLC

PRT™

jcristina.com



After a long chase he is caught, and gets his nose pulled by his enemy. It's only for a picture. But it is not a pleasant way of earning a living.
July 17th, 1920.

we have to laugh.

looking where he is pulling.



After a long chase he is caught, and gets his nose pulled by his enemy. It's only for a picture. But it is not a pleasant way of earning a living.
July 17th, 1920.